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Class of 1903

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THE MUSE

1903

Saint Mary's School Library

EDWARDS &
BROUGHTON
PRINTERS

RALEIGH
NORTH
CAROLINA

DEDICATION

To the Past, whate'er it's been,
To the friends that we have known,
To the memories, sad or bright,
Like dreams that have past us flown.
To the failures we've withstood,
To the battles we have fought,
To the days that, short and sweet,
With happiness were fraught.

To the Present, as we stand
Like ships in a sheltering bay,
Waiting to-morrow's dawn
To gayly sail away.
Pausing in our voyage,
Ere our leave we take,
With many a backward glance
To linger in our wake.

To the Future, Ah! how wide
That vast horizon lies,
Stretching in rosy tints
Before our wond'ring eyes.
May the lands as yet unseen,
And the seas yet unexplored,
For our barks untried and frail,
Life's costliest treasures hoard.

13247

CALENDAR, 1902-1903

September 18—Advent Term begins.

November 1—All Saints'; Founders' Day; a holiday.

November 27—Thanksgiving Day; a holiday.

December 22—Christmas holidays begin.

December 31—Classes resumed at 8:45 a. m.

January 19—Lee's Birthday; half holiday.

February 22—Washington's Birthday; half holiday.

February 25—Ash Wednesday: holiday.

April 5—Palm Sunday: Bishop's Visitation.

April 10—Good Friday; a holiday.

April 12—Easter Day.

May 21—Ascension Day; a holiday.

May 23—Concert.

May 24—Commencement Sermon.

May 25—Class Day.

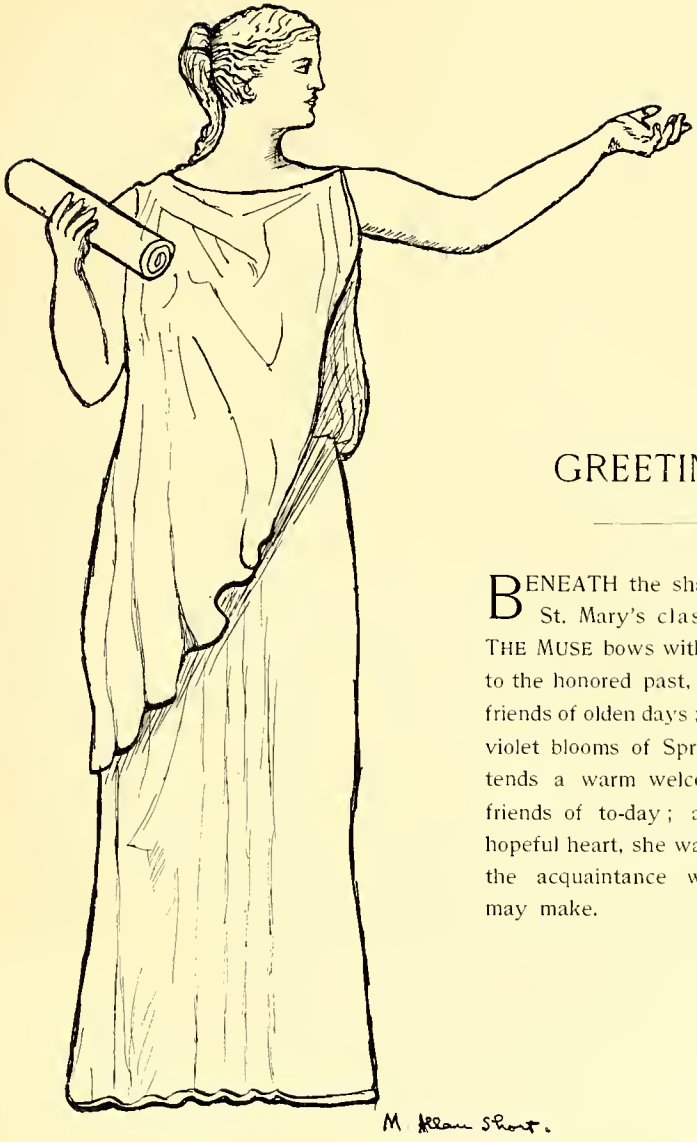
May 26—Meeting of the Alumnæ Association.

May 27—Meeting of the Board of Trustees.

May 27—Annual Concert, 8:30 p. m.

May 28—Graduating Exercises.

May 30—Faculty holiday begins.



GREETING

BENEATH the shady oaks of St. Mary's classic grove, THE MUSE bows with reverence to the honored past, and all the friends of olden days; among the violet blooms of Spring, she extends a warm welcome to the friends of to-day; and with a hopeful heart, she waits to greet the acquaintance whom she may make.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

THE BISHOPS

Rt. Rev. J. B. Cheshire, D.D., ... Raleigh, N. C.
Rt. Rev. A. A. Watson, D.D., ... Wilmington, N. C.
Rt. Rev. Ellison Capers, D.D., ... Columbia, S. C.
Rt. Rev. Junius M. Horner, D.D., ... Asheville, N. C.

CLERICAL AND LAY TRUSTEES

NORTH CAROLINA

Rev. F. J. Murdock, D.D.
Rev. Julian E. Ingle.
Rev. M. M. Marshall, D.D.
Richard H. Battle, LL.D.
Dr. R. H. Lewis.
W. A. Erwin.
Charles E. Johnson.
David Y. Cooper.

EAST CAROLINA

Rev. Robert Deane, D.D.
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Col. Wharton Green.
Col. John W. Atkinson.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Rev. E. N. Joyner.
Rev. W. S. Holmes.
John R. London.
H. P. Duval.

ASHEVILLE

Rev. McNeely DuBose, B.D.
Rev. T. C. Wetmore.
Col. T. F. Davidson.
O. M. Royster.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Rt. Rev. J. B. Cheshire, D.D.
Rev. F. J. Murdock, D.D.
Charles E. Johnson.
Dr. R. H. Lewis.
W. A. Erwin.

Dr. K. P. Battle, Jr., *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Miss McKimmon.

Miss Checkley.
Mlle. Gerber.

Miss Pixley.
Dr. Bratton.
Miss M. Jones.

Miss Dowd.
Miss Hull.

Miss Newey.

FACULTY AND OFFICERS

Rev. Theodore DuBose Bratton, D.D., ... *Rector.*
Mrs. T. D. Bratton, ... *School Mother.*
Miss Anne Saunders, ... *Rector's Assistant.*

FACULTY

Rev. T. D. Bratton, D.D., . . *Philosophy and Ethics.*
Kate McKimmon, ... *Writing.*
Elleneen E. Checkley, ... *History.*
Alice Edwards Jones, Ph.B. (University of N. C.), *Latin.*

Eleanor W. Thomas, M.A. (Woman's College, S. C.), *English.*
Margaret M. Jones, ... *Mathematics.*
Marie M. Gerber, ... *French and German.*
Addis M. Meade, A.B. (Bryn Mawr), . . *Science.*

Marie E. S. Boyd, . . *Elocution and Physical Culture.*
Christiana Busbee, . . . *Greek, Assistant in German.*
Louise Pittenger, ... *Assistant in English.*
Edith Thurston, . . . *Preparatory Department.*

ART SCHOOL

Clara I. Fenner, (The Maryland Institute, School of Art and Design).

Miss Pittenger Miss Sutton. Miss Lee. Miss Schutt. Miss Walton.
Miss Fenner. Mrs. Iredell. Miss Thomas Mrs. Bratton.

MUSIC SCHOOL

W. H. Sanborn, *Director*, . *Organ, Piano and Theory.*
Martha A. Dowd, . . . *Piano and Elementary Theory.*
Gene C. Schutt, ... *Piano.*
Chelian Pixley, ... *Piano.*

Mrs. W. H. Sanborn, ... *Piano.*
Minnie C. Newey, ... *Vocal.*
Charlotte Hull, ... *Violin.*

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL

Lizzie Lee, ... *Principal.*
Juliet Sutton, ... *Assistant.*

KINDERGARTEN

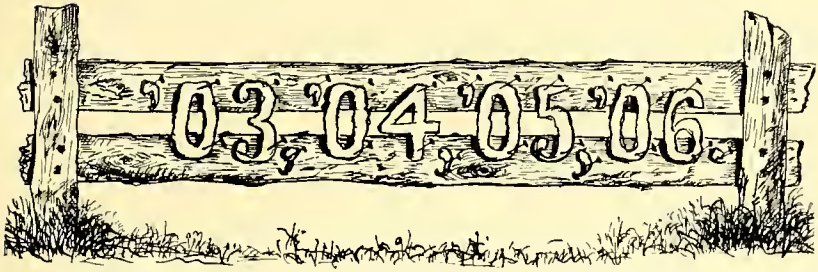
Louise T. Busbee.

Miss Checkley, ... *Librarian.*
Miss Massey, ... *Assistant Librarian.*
Lola E. Walton, ... *Matron of Infirmary.*
Mrs. M. N. Quinby, ... *Housekeeper.*

ST. MARY'S ALUMNÆ

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1879

Mrs. Mary Iredell,	*President.*
Mrs. Bessie Leak,	*First Vice-President.*
Mrs. R. S. Tucker,	*Second Vice-President.*
Miss Kate McKimmon,	*Secretary and Treasurer.*


'03 '04 '05 '06

SENIOR CLASS

OFFICERS

Katharine de Rosset Meares,	*President.*
Julia Harris,	*Vice-President.*
Florence Jackson Thomas,	*Secretary.*
Mary Wood Winslow,	*Treasurer.*
Annie Gales Root,	*Poet.*
Mary Allan Short,	*Prophet.*
Annie Webb Cheshire,	*Historian.*

MOTTO

Loke uppe on hye.

COLORS

Green and White.

FLOWER

Four Leaf Clover.

"I am the pink of courtesy."

Caroline Mays Brevard, . North Carolina.

Associate Senior; ΓΒΣ; L'Etoile German Club; Treasurer of ΣΛ Literary Society; ΣΛ; Secretary and Treasurer of Tennis Club, '02; Secretary of St. Catherine's Chapter, '03.

"But she was more than usual calm,
She did not give a single damn."

Katharine Moore Brock, . Maryland.

Associate Senior; Critic ΣΛ Literary Society, '02; ΣΛ; ΤΔ German Club; ΦΔ.

"Joy rises in me like a summer's dawn."

Annie Webb Cheshire, . North Carolina.

Treasurer of Class, '02; Historian of Class, '03; EAH Literary Society; Editor-on-Advertisements of Muse.

"Education is the only interest worthy the deep controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man."

Helen Gladys Davies. . South Carolina.

Associate Senior; Historian EAH Literary Society; L'Etoile German Club; EAH; Inter-Society Debater, '03.

"A fabric huge,
Rose like an exhalation."

Mary Day Faison, . . North Carolina.
ΣΛ Literary Society.

"My true love hath my heart and I have his."

Isabelle Gary, . . North Carolina.
Associate Senior; ΕΑΠ Literary Society.

"Do well and right and let the world sink."

Elise Moore Gregory, . North Carolina.
Historian EAII Literary Society, '02; EAII Literary Society.

"The race is not always to the swift."

Julia Hamlet Harris, . North Carolina.
Vice-President of Class, '03; EAII Literary Society.

"A decent respect to the opinions of mankind."

Mary Ferrand Henderson, . North Carolina.

Treasurer ΣΛ Literary Society, '02; Secretary ΣΛ Literary Society, '03; ΣΛ; Secretary TΔ German Club, '03; TΔ German Club; Dramatic Club; Chairman of Executive Committee, '03; ΓΒΣ; Assistant-Literary-Editor of Muse; Inter-Society Debater, '02, '03.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

Kate Herndon, . . North Carolina.

EAII Literary Society.

"He would not with a peremptory tone
Assert the nose upon his face his own."

MARIETTA BELO HOLMAN, . North Carolina.
EAH Literary Society.

"Procrastination is the thief of time."

OCTAVIA WINDER HUGHES, . North Carolina.
Associate Senior; Secretary and Treasurer of TΔ German Club, '02; Vice-President of St. Margaret's Chapter, '02; President of TΔ German Club, '03; Treasurer of St. Etheldreda's Chapter, '03; ΣΑ Literary Society; Dramatic Club; Marshal, '02.

"A contented mind is a continual feast."

Mary Holton Hunter, . North Carolina.

ΓΒΣ; ΣΑ Literary Society; President of St. Elizabeth's Chapter, '03.

"I came not, friends, to steal away your heart."

Augusta Porcher Jones, . North Carolina.

Vice-President ΕΑΠ Literary Society, '02; President ΕΑΠ Literary Society, '03; ΦΔ; Vice-President Dramatic Club, '02, '03; ΕΑΠ; Leader L'Etoile German Club, '02, '03; Captain Tennis Club, '02 (Junior Class); L'Etoile.

"The women pardoned all except her face."

Mary Exum Meares, . North Carolina.
Associate Senior; ΣΑ Literary Society; ΤΔ German Club; Treasurer of St. Elizabeth's Chapter, '03.

"Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts."

Katharine de Rosset Meares. South Carolina.
President of Class, '02, '03; President ΣΑ Literary Society, '03; Secretary ΣΑ Literary Society, '02; ΣΑ; Vice-President St. Elizabeth's Chapter, '02; Assistant Editor of Muse, '02; Editor-in-Chief of Muse, '03; L'Etoile German Club; Inter-Society Debater, '02, '03.

"Which even critics do not criticise."

Ebie Roberts, . . . North Carolina.
ΕΑΠ Literary Society.

"Genius like humanity rusts for want of use."

Annie Gales Root, . . North Carolina.
Class Poet, '02, '03; ΕΑΠ Literary Society; Assistant-Editor of Muse, '02; Literary-Editor of Muse, '03.

"I am as one who walks apart,
Immune from minor cares,
I pray before the altar, Art,
And copy off my prayers.
It is my privilege to frown;
And if I do not choose,
I do not pin my shirtwaist down,
I do not tie my shoes.
My soul would soar and why should I
Keep its proud pinions pent?
Ye, yourselves, make way for my
Artistic temperament."

Mary Allan Short, . North Carolina.

Class Prophet; Editor-on-Illustrations of Muse, '03; Vice-President of ΣΛ Literary Society, '02; ΣΛ Literary Society; President of Tennis Club, '02; L'Etoile German Club; Secretary of St. Etheldreda's Chapter, '03.

"One may smile, and smile, and yet be a villain."

Florence Jackson Thomas, . North Carolina.

Secretary of Class, '03; Treasurer of ΣΛ Literary Society, '02; President of St. Catherine's Chapter, '02, '03; President Altar Guild, '03; L'Etoile German Club; ΓΒΣ; ΣΛ.

"And there, though last, not least."

Mary Wood Winslow, . North Carolina.

Corresponding Secretary of ΣΛ Literary Society, '02, '03; Secretary of Class, '02; Treasurer of Class, '03; Business Manager of Muse, '03; ΣΛ Literary Society; L'Etoile German Club; ΑΚΨ.

CLASS HISTORY

THE HISTORY of the Class of "naughty-three" begins with our Sophomore year. Some few of us started in Miss Katie's room, then were promoted to Mrs. McBee's, and at last to the Big School-room. Oh! the dignity of reaching the Big School-room—but oh! the humiliation of being sent back to Mrs. McBee's room for giggling, which calamity befell this dignified class no less than three times. You see even so long ago as that we laughed. But that was in the days of our childhood. When our class really became a class we were—well not quite grown, but we were Sophomores.

We have always been accused of being a conceited class, but in those dear old days when we were "smiling, simpering Sophs, seldom seen solemn," I think our self-satisfaction was at its height. We were proud of being Sophs, and then, too, we were Miss Stone's girls, which by itself is a good enough reason for pride. We actually snubbed the Seniors in those old days.

In our Junior year our class was made complete. All the girls who are with us now came that year. We became more dignified then. We felt that we must patronize the new girls and show them what St. Mary's Juniors ought to be. That was one of our happiest years—welcoming the new girls and finding out how much nicer our class was for having them with us. And now our Senior year has come and almost gone. We are old and settled now, and have reached the limit of our dignity. Not but once this year have we been scolded for noise.

But we must not close our history without any mention of our studies. We are the reconstruction class. We started under the old regime and are finishing under the new. Ours has been a time of new experiments and new schedules. It seems to us that we have had a very hard time. First, just as we were looking forward to graduating the standard was raised and we had to go two extra years to school. And then, what other class has ever had to study Kellogg's English Literature, or had so many Soph themes to write or so much Junior English to read? And in all our studies we have had just the same

hard times. But we are not at all crushed by these woes, for we are still rather conceited, but we have cause to be, *we* think.

But now our happy school days are almost over. I call them "happy" for they seem so, now that they are almost gone. We have sighed and longed for these last days, but now they have come we are not quite sure whether or not we are really tired of school. We all love St. Mary's more than we have realized. But we will not say a final good-bye now that we are about to leave, for we hope to come back many times and have many class reunions, and let happen what will, we will always be St. Mary's girls.

CLASS PROPHECY

As the youngest member of nineteen three,
It has fallen to my lot to be
The prophet of that noble class,
To predict what fates will come to pass.

A soft spring morn, a wedding peal,
Near to the rail doth Annie kneel;
Now through the door I see inside
In the light of the candles fair Annie a bride—
Ever blighting her youth in its early spring-tide.

Mary Day Faison will continue to write;
All kinds of people she will delight.
Right soon for the *Home Journal* she'll be, I regret,
Young ladies' "Aunt Mary" on etiquette.

Elise will lead a domestic life,
Little caring for ambition's strife.
In her home, ever thoughtful yet gay,
She will soon have all things under her sway,
E'en by soothing and helping the cares of each day.

Julia will follow a scholar's life;
Universities she'll attend in ambition's strife;
Latin degrees will be her desire.
In years she will her highest aim reach,
At Wake Forest College Latin to teach.

Mary Henderson also will be exempted
All monotonies of life. She by ambition tempted,
Really, will the Nation's politics overawe,
Yea, as the first woman governor of Arkansas.

Many years will not over Mary Holman pass,
Although comforts of home around her mass.
Risking success, she'll to Washington go,
Yearning to take a finishing-school in tow.

Much fame will Mary Hunter win
As heard above such usual din,
Resulting from her marvelous voice,
Yet ranking first as America's choice.

Kindred minds always arise,
And after years cause great surprise
To friends of Kate Meares—they will hear
Her plans are changed, plans held so dear,
And her career in the literary world,
Richly rewarded for such a mere girl,
Is suddenly, completely overthrown.
Now as a proof how her love has grown,
E'en for a man, her hopes are flown.

Annie Root can do great things;
Now and then a song she sings,
Never fears a poet's fate,
Is an adept in debate;
E'er long she'll become quite great.

M. Allan Short will study hard,
And her craving for Art naught can retard.
Rising to fame she'll soon appear,
Yes, illustrating all the books of the year.

Fair, bright and loving though she be,
Looking through the years, I see
O'er Florence a great change steal,
Resolving thus her fate to seal;
E'en renouncing this life to become a nun,
Nought doing but good deeds to every one.
Called always a Saint, fair is her fame,
Each St. Mary's Chapter bearing her name.

Mac will be a society belle;
As a Senator's wife she'll in Washington dwell,
Every day full of pleasures and treats as well.

CLASS POEM

Oh, sweet the days we've had together,
Oh, sad the days when we must sever,
But through life's journey let us ever
"Loke uppe on hye."

Though each her way in life must start,
Our souls will never feel apart;
This motto holds us heart to heart,
"Loke uppe on hye."

And we of the Class of "Naughty-three,"
No matter where our work may be,
We'll keep this in our memory,
"Loke uppe on hye."

JUNIOR CLASS

MOTTO	FLOWER	COLORS
Vita vocat.	Marechal Niel Rose.	Garnet and Cream

OFFICERS

Cornelia Coleman,	*President.*
Lucy Taylor Redwood,	*Vice-President.*
Margaret Gray Stedman,	*Secretary.*
Hellen Dorland Brock,	*Treasurer.*
Ann Kimberly Gifford,	*Historian.*
Lily Piedmont Skinner,	*Poet.*

ROLL

Rosalie Bernhardt,
Virginia Bland,
Josephine Bowen,
Hellen Brock,
Eliza Brown,
Isabel Brumby,
Minnie Burgwyn,
Lillian Clark,
Cornelia Coleman,
Harriet Davies,
Belle Darden,
Virgie Eldridge,
Mary Gramling,
Ann Gifford,
Bolling Hubard,
Marjorie Hughson,
Dora McRae,
Elizabeth Massey,
Esther Means,
Carrie Moore,
Lucy Redwood,
Hallie Robertson,
Lily Skinner,
Margaret Stedman,
Sumter Thomas,
Mildred Tilton,

SOPHOMORE CLASS

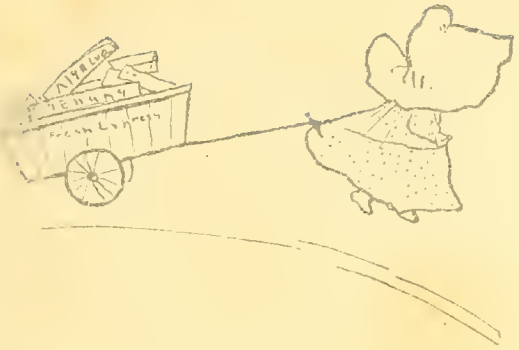
MOTTO	FLOWER	COLORS
Fac et spera.	Red Rose.	Maroon and Grey.

OFFICERS

Mary Graves,	*President.*
Julia Haughton,	*Secretary.*
Sadie Jenkins,	*Treasurer.*
Caro Gray,	*Historian.*
Norcott Broadfoot,	*Poet.*

ROLL

Susie Battle.	Elmer George.	Mary Payne.
Heloise Beebe.	Caro Gray.	Hallie Robertson.
Margaret Bridgers.	Florence Grant.	Isabel Ruff.
Norcott Broadfoot.	Mary Graves.	Mary Sturgeon.
Janie Brown.	Daisy Greene.	Lucy Tayloe.
Jean Carson.	Elsie Gudger.	Linda Tillinghast.
Rena Clark.	Metta Gulley.	Rosa Thomas.
Mattie Chaffee.	Eliza Hamlin.	Sara Tyler.
Caroline Cowles.	Minna Hampton.	Cantey Venable.
Florence Cowles.	Mary Harrison.	Ernestine Vick.
Mary Dixon.	Julia Haughton.	Evelyn Weeks.
Ellen Dortch.	Dorothy Hughson.	Carrie Williams.
Margaret DuBose.	Susie Iden.	Marie Williams.
Ida Evans.	Sadie Jenkins.	Susie Wood.
Pearl Fort.	Mary McKimmon.	Leize Weaver.



FRESHMAN CLASS

FLOWER

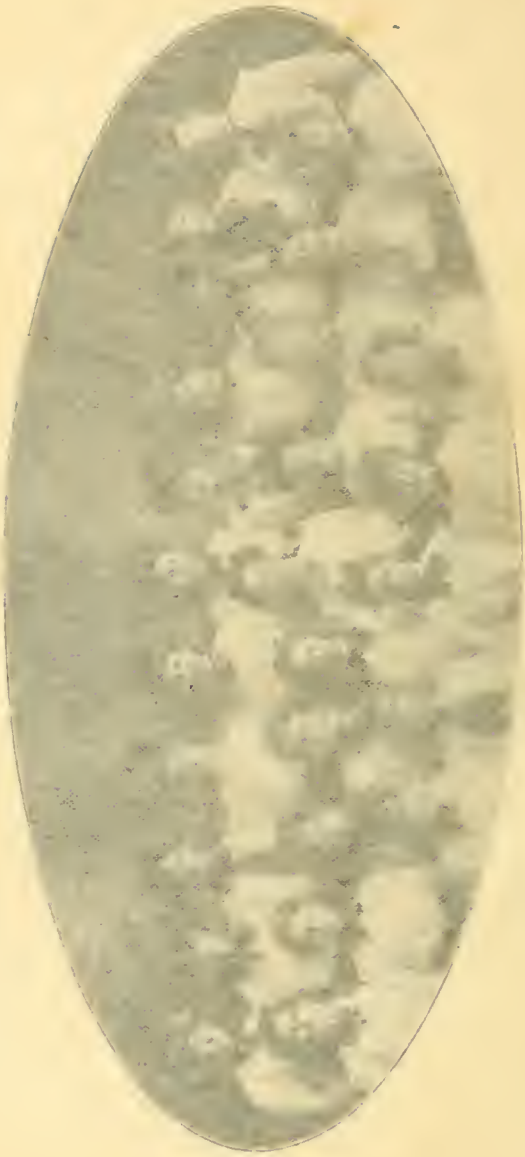
Pansy.

COLORS

Dark Blue and Old Gold.

OFFICERS

[illegible] — *President.*
[illegible] — *Vice-President.*
[illegible] — *Secretary.*
[illegible] — *Treasurer.*



FRESHMAN CLASS

FLOWER

Pansy.

MOTTO

Milites bonam militam.

COLORS

Dark Blue and Old Gold.

OFFICERS

Jennie Murchison,	*President.*
Harriet Meares,	*Vice-President.*
Mary Leigh Robinson,	*Secretary.*
Amy FitzSimons,	*Treasurer.*

ROLL

Cornelia Arthur,
Josephine Boylan,
Florida Cotton,
Amy FitzSimons,
Glenn Forbes,
Ruth Foster,
Catherine Foster,
Olive Gaskill,
Virgilia Glazebrook,
Louise Greenleaf,
Clifford Heyward,
Mattie Jones,
Annie Lamb,
Harriet Meares,
Olive Morrill,
Jennie Murchison,
Annie Gray Nash,
Marie Poinier,
Mary Robinson,
Harriet Ruff,
Floy Ruff,
Nannie Smith,
Margaret Sanborn,
Annie Sloan,
Alice Spruill,
Roberta Stuart,
Nannie Smith,
Elizabeth Temple,
Augusta Watts,
Fannie Williams,
Sadie Williams,
Amoret Wootten,
Nora Zimmerman,
Eloise Zimmerman.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Susie Gray Baker,
Annie Dye,
Mamie Ellison,
Louise Evans,
Laura Gwyn,
Campbell Jones,
Violet Keith,
Mabel Massey,
Eliza McGehee,
Lacy Robertson,
Mary Sherwood,
Katharine Spach,
Lucy Tayloe,
Elodia Yancey.

Literary Societies

Σ Λ

SIGMA LAMBDA LITERARY SOCIETY

MOTTO

Lit with the sun.

FLOWER

Yellow Jessamine.

COLORS

Purple and Gray.

OFFICERS

Advent Term.		Easter Term.
Katharine Meares,	*President*	Katharine Meares.
Mary Short,	*Vice-President*	Minnie Burgwyn.
Mary Henderson,	*Secretary*	Mary Henderson.
Lucy Redwood,	*Cor. Secretary*	Mae Winslow.
Florence Thomas,	*Treasurer*	Caro Brevard.
Katharine Brock,	*Critic*	Isabel Brumby.
Sadie Jenkins,	*Teller*	Sadie Jenkins.
Margaret Bridgers,	*Teller*	Harriet Meares.

ROLL

Rosalie Bernhardt,
Josephine Bowen,
Josephine Boylan,
Caro Brevard,
Margaret Bridgers,
Norcott Broadfoot,
Hellen Brock,
Katharine Brock,
Eliza Brown,
Isabel Brumby,
Minnie Burgwyn,
Jean Carson,
Lillian Clark,
Carrie Cowles,
Margaret DuBose,
Ida Evans,
Mary Faison,
Amy FitzSimons,
Virgilia Glazebrook,
Mary Gramling,
Florence Grant,
Mary Graves,
Tallulah Gregg,
Laura Gwyn,
Elsa Gudger,
Alice Haughton,
Janie Haughton,
Mary Henderson,
Bolling Hubard,
Octavia Hughes,
Marjorie Hughson,
Dorothy Hughson,
Mary Hunter,
Sadie Jenkins,
Mattie Jones,
Dora MacRae,
Mary Meares,
Katharine Meares,
Harriet Meares,
May Montague,
Belle Moncure,
Jennie Murchison,
Mary Payne,
Lucy Redwood,
Mary Robinson,
Mary Short,
Lily Skinner,
Nannie Smith,
Alice Spruill,
Margaret Stedman,
Florence Thomas,
Rosa Thomas,
Mildred Tilton,
Cantey Venable,
Mae Winslow,
Amoret Wootten,
Sadie Williams,
Nora Zimmerman.

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Busbee,
Miss Checkley,
Miss Dowd,
Miss Fenner,
Miss Jones,
Miss Meade,
Miss Newey,
Miss Pixley,
Miss Sutton,
Miss Thurston,
Miss Thomas.

EPSILON ALPHA PI LITERARY SOCIETY

MOTTO	FLOWER	COLORS
Where high thoughts are duty.	Wild Rose.	Old Rose and Sage.

OFFICERS

Advent Term.		Easter Term.
Augusta Porcher Jones,	*President*	Augusta Porcher Jones.
Cornelia Coleman,	*Vice-President*	Cornelia Coleman.
Ann Gifford,	*Secretary*	Marie Stewart Phinizy.
Carrie Helen Moore,	*Cor. Secretary*	Carrie Helen Moore.
Mary Sumter Thomas,	*Treasurer*	Mary Sumter Thomas.
Marie Stewart Phinizy,	*Critic*	Ann Kimberly Gifford.
Elise Gregory,	*Historian*	Helen Gladys Davies.
Janie Brown,	*Teller*	Eliza Hamlin.
Heloise Beebe,	*Teller*	Heloise Beebe.

ROLL

Heloise Beebe,	Isabel Gary,	Julia Harris,	Isabel Ruff,
Janie Brown,	Elmer George,	Mary Harrison,	Mary Sturgeon,
Mattie Chaffee,	Ann Gifford,	Kate Herndon,	Mary S. Thomas,
Annie Cheshire,	Caro Gray,	Clifford Heyward,	Bessie Trapier,
Rena Clark,	Daisy Green,	Augusta Jones,	Sarah Tyler,
Cornelia Coleman,	Elise Gregory,	Agnes Makely,	Leize Weaver,
Ellen Dortch,	Eliza Hamlin,	Carrie Moore,	Evelyn Weeks,
Helen Davies,	Minna Hampton,	Marie Phinizy,	Marie Williams,
Harriet Davies,	Julia Haughton,	Annie Root,	Susie Wood.

HONORARY MEMBERS

Dr. Bratton,	Mrs. Quinby,	Mrs. Randolph,	Miss Jones,
Mrs. Bratton,	Miss Walton,	Miss Hull,	Miss Boyd.
Miss McKimmon,	Mlle. Gerber,	Miss Lee,	Miss Pittenger,
		Miss Trapier.	

A SKETCH OF THE EPSILON ALPHA PI LITERARY SOCIETY

EARLY IN the fall the Sigma Lambda Literary Society entertained the Epsilon Alpha Pi Society with a reception in "The Far Countree." Dark green pine boughs and clusters of brilliant golden-rod were the chief decorations, helped out, of course, by the omnipresent sofa pillow. The pines not only looked beautiful, but they also filled the room with the fragrance of the woods. After a feast of ice cream and cake, the Epsilon Alpha Pi's reluctantly departed, having spent a most enjoyable evening.

On the evening of October 30, the Epsilon Alpha Pi Society gave a reception to the Sigma Lambda Society. The old parlor was transformed by rugs, palms and bowls of chrysanthemums, and music was rendered during the evening. The receiving committee was Augusta P. Jones, Ann K. Gifford and Cornelia Coleman. Refreshments of salad, sandwiches and coffee were served.

The Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society holds a meeting every two weeks, at which there are readings and debates by the members; every other meeting being open to the public. Some of the most interesting debates of the past year were: *Resolved*, "That tariff should be levied for revenue only," and, *Resolved*, "That trusts are beneficial to the United States."

After a closed meeting of the Epsilon Alpha Pi Society on the evening of December 10, at which the new members were installed, the Society went over to the Rectory, where the new members were entertained with an informal reception. In the cozy little Rectory parlor every one was made to feel at home. Salad and chocolate were passed around.

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES A SKETCH

AS IS the case with other schools, our societies have taken an important place in our school life, consuming much of our time and interest, though their period of activity has been brief. So we do not think it out of place to give here a short history of them for the benefit of the Alumnæ and all others who are interested in the growth and work of St. Mary's.

In the spring of 1900 the English classes were divided into two portions by Miss Stone, the English teacher, and this was the beginning of our present literary societies. There was quite an excitement at the time and despite Miss Stone's protestation that we were "literary societies," every one persisted in asking "Which side are you on?" Soon, however, the society names, the initial letters of the names of the two Southern poets, Sidney Lanier and Edgar Allan Poe, were decided upon, and then there were no longer "sides," but the "Sigma Lambda" and the "Epsilon Alpha Pi." But such an innovation as literary societies which had so suddenly been thrust upon us could not as suddenly grow into literary prominence. Then, too, there were pins, colors, mottoes, etc., to be chosen. So it was not until the fall of 1901 that both societies were in good working order with regularly arranged programs. Many debates have been held and many questions settled by the debaters. In the inter-society debate of last year, the Sigma Lambdas proved that "Poetry had done more for the development of man than prose," and carried off the palm. The success of the societies in the last two years, the steady improvement in essays and all the exercises, we owe largely to the presidents who have been unceasing and untiring in their efforts for the betterment of the societies. The societies have entered into the literary life at St. Mary's as nothing else could have done, and given it an interest and stimulus which otherwise would have been lacking, and the strong society spirit has caused that generous feeling of rivalry which gives tone and vitality to school life. Socially also, the societies have had their place. More than once one society has partaken of the hospitality of the other, and all will agree in saying that these diversions are not the least enjoyable features of the societies.

Secret Societies

ALPHA KAPPA PSI

FOUNDED 1908

ALPHA CHAPTER

FLOWER

[illegible] rose

COLORS

Blue and Gold

SORORES IN FACULTATE

[illegible] Beverly — Miss Thomas

SORORES IN ACADEMIA

Means, Esther Barnwell.
Redwood, Lucy Taylor.
Robertson, Hattie Belcher.
Short, Mary Allen.
Stoburan, Margaret Gray.
[illegible] ng — Winslow, Mac Wood.
Wood, Susie.

Saint Mary's School Library

ALPHA KAPPA PSI

FOUNDED 1900

ALPHA CHAPTER

FLOWER

Forget-me-not.

COLORS

Blue and Gold.

SORORES IN FACULTATE

Miss Checkley, Miss Thomas.

SORORES IN ACADEMIA

Bowen, Josephine,
Burgwyn, Minnie,
Clark, Mae Lillian,
Coleman, Cornelia,
DuBose, Margaret,
Hubard, Pocahontas Bolling,
Means, Esther Barnwell,
Redwood, Lucy Taylor,
Robertson, Hallie Bremond,
Short, Mary Allan,
Stedman, Margaret Gray,
Winslow, Mae Wood,
Wood, Susie.

Saint Mary's School Library

GAMMA BETA SIGMA

FLOWER

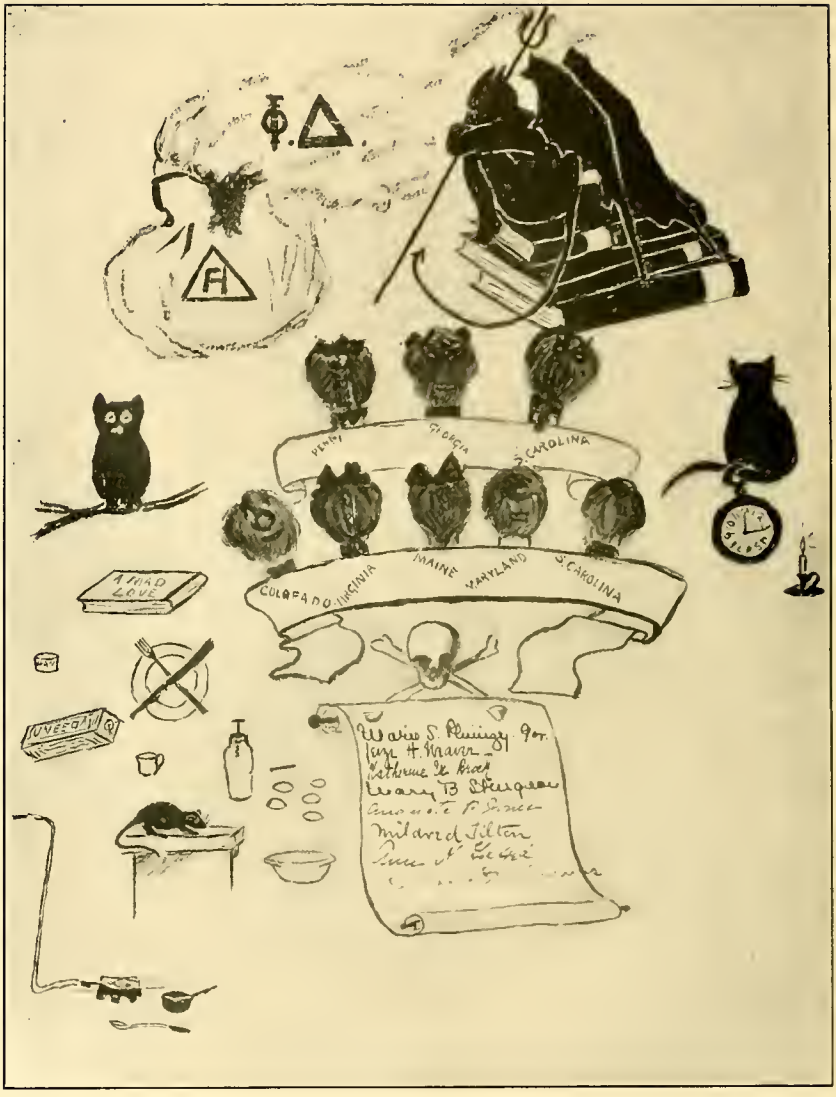
Violet.

COLORS

Purple and Gold.

ROLL

Rosalie Bernhardt,
Caroline Mays Brevard,
Margaret Bridgers,
Isabel Ashby Brumby,
Julia Boardman Haughton,
Mary Ferrand Henderson,
Mary Holton Hunter,
Florence Jackson Thomas,
Cautey McDowell Venable.


PENN
GEORGIA
S. CAROLINA
COLORADO
VIRGINIA
MAINE
MARYLAND
S. CAROLINA
A TOAD LOVE
OVEREAT
Maria S. Penniger 90
Mildred Tilton

The German Clubs

TAU DELTA GERMAN CLUB

COLORS

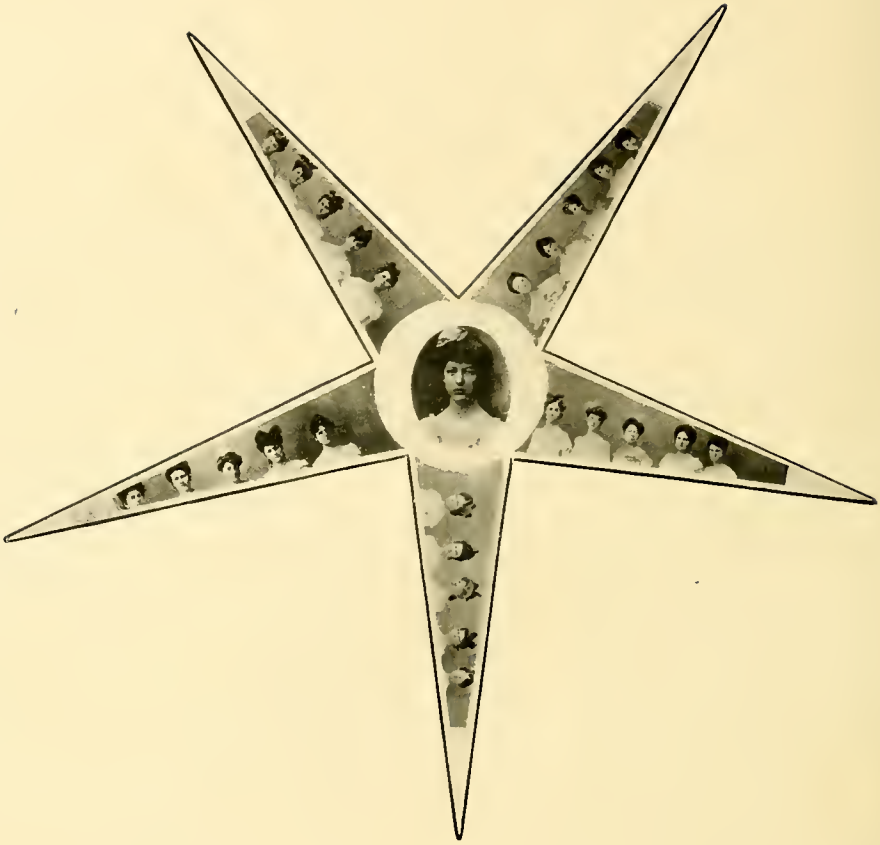
Gray and Gold.

OFFICERS

Octavia Winder Hughes,	*President.*
Mary Bolling Sturgeon,	*Vice-President.*
Marie Stewart Phinizy,	*Leader.*
Mary Ferrand Henderson,	*Secretary.*
Isabel Ashby Brumby,	*Treasurer.*

ROLL

Minnie Beebe,
Rosalie Bernhardt,
Josephine Bowen,
Margaret Bridgers,
Norcott Broadfoot,
Hellen Brock,
Katharine Brock,
Isabel Brumby,
Mattie Chaffee,
Lillian Clark,
Margaret Connor,
Pearl Fort,
Elmer George,
Virgilia Glazebrook,
Mary Gramling,
Mary Henderson,
Emily Hodges,
Octavia Hughes,
Mary Meares,
Dora McRae,
Jennie Murchison,
Marie Phinizy,
Mary Robinson,
Mary Sturgeon,
Mildred Tilton.
Cantey Venable,
Leize Weaver,
Evelyn Weeks,
Carrie Williams.



GERMAN CLUB

OFFICERS

Margaret
Lucy Taylor

ROLL

Kathleen Mc
Katharine Meade
Carrie Moore
Annie Nash
Lucy Redwood
Hallie Robertson
Mary Short
Gertrude Sullivan
Margaret Stedman
Lucy Taylor
Florence Thomas
Sumter Thomas
Mac Wynshow

L'ETOILE GERMAN CLUB

OFFICERS

Margaret Gray Stedman,	*President.*
Lucy Taylor Redwood,	*Secretary.*
Ann Kimberly Gifford,	*Treasurer.*
Augusta Porcher Jones,	*Leader-in-Chief.*
Julia Boardman Haughton,	*Assistant Leader.*

ROLL

Gretchen Barnes,
Caroline Brevard,
Minnie Burgwyn,
Cornelia Coleman,
Elba Cotten,
Florence Cowles,
Helen Davies,
Harriet Davies,
Ann Gifford,
Julia Haughton,
Bolling Hubard,
Augusta Jones,
Agnes Makely,
Esther Means,
Katharine Meares,
Carrie Moore,
Annie Nash,
Lucy Redwood,
Hallie Robertson,
Mary Short,
Gertrude Sullivan,
Margaret Stedman,
Lucy Tayloe,
Florence Thomas,
Sumter Thomas,
Mae Winslow.

DRAMATIC CLUB

OFFICERS

MARIE STEWART PHINIZY, ... *President.*
AUGUSTA PORCHER JONES, ... *Vice-President.*
ANN KIMBERLY GIFFORD, ... *Secretary and Treasurer.*

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MARY FERRAND HENDERSON, LEIZE HOLMES WEAVER.

ROLL

Minnie Burgwyn,
Julia Haughton,
Octavia Hughes,
Isabel Ruff,
Mary Sturgeon,
Mary Thomas,
Mildred Tilton,
Eloise Zimmerman.

SKETCH CLUB

OFFICERS

Miss Fenner,	*President.*
Josephine Bowen,	*Secretary.*
Mary Graves,	*Treasurer.*

ROLL

Heloise Beebe,
Josephine Bowen,
Lillian Clark,
Mary Dixon,
Priscilla Dodson,
Emmie Drewry,
Pearl Fort,
Mary Graves,
Nannie Hay,
Carrie Hughes,
Cammie Jones,
Marie Poinier,
Mary Robinson,
Mary Allan Short,
Nannie Smith,
Cantey Venable,
Susie Wood.

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Fenner,
Miss M. M. Jones.

THE WAYS OF THE ART BABES

"Cantey, you may draw Augustus Cæsar next."
"Which is she, Miss Fenner?" asked Cantey, quite vexed.

"Priscilla, why do you look at your Clyte so sad?
It's really improved, or at least—not half bad."

"When can I do Gibsons?" petite Nannie inquires,
But she must do Docks ere to those she aspires.

"My beautiful oranges, Miss Fenner, will spoil,"
Mourns Beebe, while doing her first group in oil.

"We don't know our lesson, haven't looked at the chart."
Groans the laziest class in the History of Art.

From September till June all of this good time spent,
They know nothing but Lysicrates and his monument.

"Mary Dixon, what do you think you are doing?"
"Nothing," the fair critic answers, her curl gently screwing.

"Is Miss Fenner in a good humor this morning?"
We ask on the steps. If she's not we take warning.

We hardly dare breathe when she's on the war-path,
For it's not a choice thing to rouse up her wrath.

To go near her table is a thing we don't dare,
For "pea green and sky blue lights" come in her hair.

Miss Fenner says Thursdays are her busy days,
As she sits in the sun, and at nature does gaze.

Little Robinson asks questions the whole live-long day
As to why do you do it? and what? and which way? ? ? ?

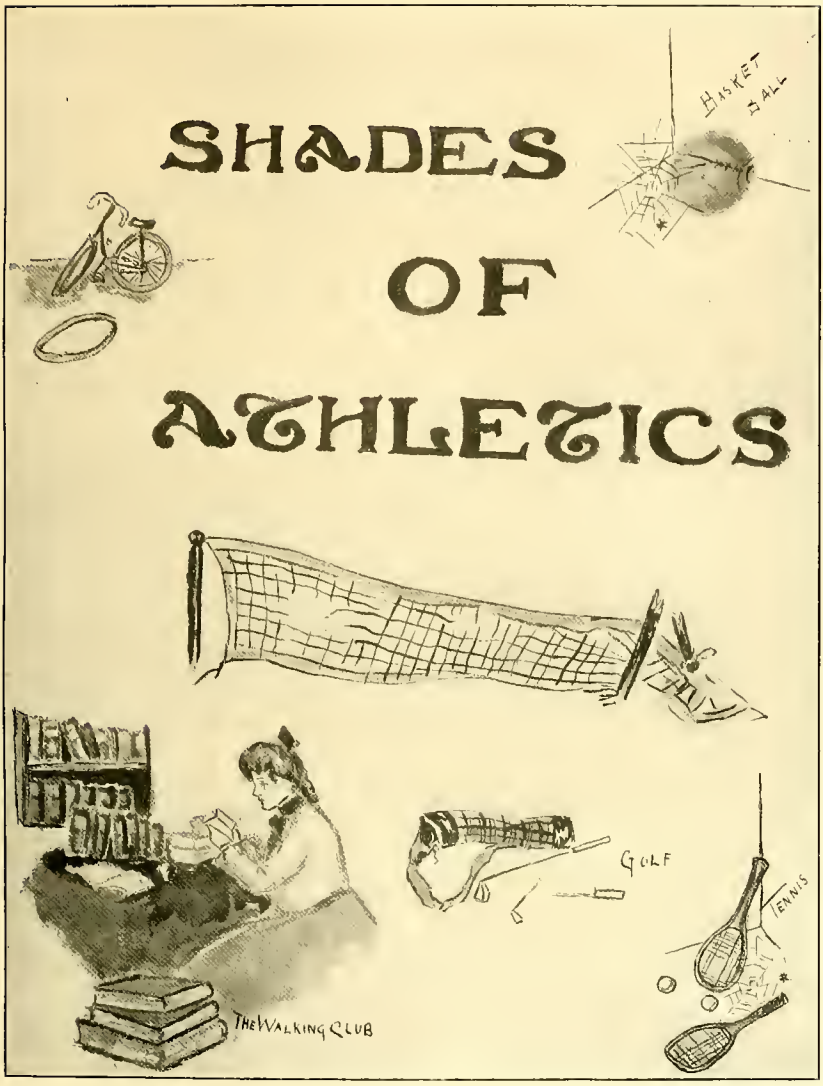
Our silent, mechanical Virginia Bland
Draws houses and churches and chimneys quite grand.

Versatile Annie, our painter so rare,
Puts paint on her apron, likewise on her hair.

In life class Leize Weaver is apt to be head;
Allan's is strong, Lillian's appears to be dead.

Mary Graves got zero on History of Art,
But she signed the pledge—which was good on her part.

The rest are all choice, but we have not the time
To hunt up the words with their names to rhyme.


SHADES
OF
ATHLETICS
BASKET BALL
GOLF
TENNIS
THE WALKING CLUB

THERE WAS A TIME

Where are the Sigma's and Mu's this year?
  Where is the victory cry?
Where are the white and blue banners
  Waved by the crowd on high?

What was the score of the match game?
  Who made the fatal play,
And gave to the opposite side
  All the glories of the day?

Show me the girl with the rosy cheeks,
  Enjoying health and life,
Her eyes bright with excitement,
  Her heart happy and light.

The basket-ball field is deserted now,
  No sport we have had this season;
No contention between the Sigma's and Mu's,
  "And why" you ask, "is the reason?"

Because we have quiet and dignified girls,
  Ladies shouldn't race and tear,
But take a book under a shady tree,
  And there enjoy the *fresh air*.

—I. B., '04.

A THING OF THE PAST

The tennis-rackets are old and battered,
As idle they hang on the wall;
The tennis-net is torn and tattered,
And what has become of the ball?

Time was when the tennis-nets were new,
And the courts were passing fair,
And that was the time when athletes true
Played their tournaments there.

But lessons are many and lessons are long,
And we've many of them, you know,
And that is the reason our tennis games
Are a thing of the long ago.

—F. T., '03.

A WORN-OUT FAD

What's become of the Wheel Society?
Why, all last year with great sobriety,
Directors, teachers, girls, would rally,
And from the grove in hoards would sally.

In the country and in the town,
With looks elate would ride around,
At morn, at noon, and e'en at night,
Would wheel about, if the moon were bright.

So, of a maiden I inquired
If of their wheels they all had tired?
She gave me an indulgent smile,
"Oh, bicycles, you know, are out of style."

UNANIMOUSLY AWARDED

Why is the St. Mary's girl so tall and tan?
Why does she look so strong and stride like a man?
Because an hour on each sunny day
Out in the grove does she leisurely stray.

Up and down our sunny grounds
She slowly makes the daily rounds.
If there was a walking prize she'd surely win it,
For she takes at least two steps a minute.

—M. G., '05.

THE CHAPEL.

MISSIONARY ORGANIZATIONS

ST. MARY'S BRANCH WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

Miss Walton,	*President.*
Miss Sutton,	*Vice-President.*
Miss McKimmon,	*Secretary and Treasurer.*

ST. MARY'S BRANCH JUNIOR AUXILIARY

ST. CATHERINE'S CHAPTER

Miss Alice Edwards Jones,	*Directress.*
Florence Thomas,	*President.*
Caro Brevard,	*Secretary.*
Lucy Redwood,	*Treasurer.*

ST. ETHELDREDA'S CHAPTER

Mrs. Bratton,	*Directress.*
Elmer George,	*President.*
Octavia Hughes,	*Treasurer.*
Mary Allan Short,	*Secretary.*

ST. MARGARET'S CHAPTER

Miss Checkley,	*Directress.*
Alice Winston Spruill,	*President.*
Caroline Mott Cowles,	*Secretary.*
Mary Gramling,	*Treasurer.*

ST. MONICA'S CHAPTER

Miss McKimmon,	*Directress.*
Mary deBerniere Graves,	*President.*
Marjorie Hughson,	*Treasurer.*
Gertrude Sullivan,	*Secretary.*

ST. ANNE'S CHAPTER

Miss Sutton,	*Directress.*
Sadie Jenkins,	*President.*
Mary Payne,	*Secretary.*
Sadie Williams,	*Treasurer.*
Lucy Tayloe,	*Assistant Treasurer.*

ST. ELIZABETH'S CHAPTER

Miss Thomas,	*Directress.*
Mary Hunter,	*President.*
Isabel Brumby,	*Vice-President.*
Cornelia Coleman,	*Secretary.*
Mary Exum Meares,	*Treasurer.*

ALTAR GUILD

Miss McKimmon,	*Superintendent.*
Florence Thomas,	*President.*

In Memoriam

Florence Tucker Boylan

ENTERED INTO REST FEBRUARY 4, 1903

"When little Florence came to us, scarce a score of years ago, unto the earth a joy was born, into our lives a blessing fell. The radiant, uplifting, ennobling blessing of a spirit pure and brave, by the light of whose beautiful faith our eyes were taught to see not the trouble and pain and grief of earth, but its beauty, its joy, its worthiness of the best that is in us all.

"Around the young life clustered many lives tired and world-weary, and unto them all she brought a message of good cheer. One looked into those wonderful gray eyes and felt she understood. Another, sad with the sorrows of others, caught an echo from her laughing little mouth, and the dark places were made bright.

"Her heart was full of kindness and help for all. 'She was the friend of all the world.' She understood. Your joy wanted its crown without the music of her laugh, the flash of her ready wit, and into your sorrow she came 'like sunshine in a shady place.'"

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI—A SKETCH

IN THE works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, there is mingled with the sincerity and freshness of his English blood the warmth and imagination of his Italian nature. Both his poetry and his art are characterized by a love of the beautiful rather than by any striving after high ideals, and they are endowed with a personality and individuality that are irresistible. Men are fascinated by what they cannot understand and the subtle mystery in all of Rossetti's productions is one of their chief charms.

His poems deal with two classes of subjects: those that treat of the supernatural and those that depict human character. Probably his best poem in the first style is "Eden Bower" It has for its theme what quite a large number of his poems have—the revenge of a deserted woman. The story is laid in the Garden of Eden, and Lilith, Adam's first wife, who has been deserted for Eve, plots her revenge. Her jealousy and hatred are intense, and knowing that God has denied to man the fruit of the forbidden tree, she beguiles the serpent into giving her his form that she may tempt Eve to eat. Where she thinks of her future triumph, her wild delight is frightful as she gloats over the fall of man.

In entire contrast to this is "A Last Confession." It is in form a dramatic monologue, and represents a young man, on his death bed, confessing to his priest the murder of the girl whom he loved. He can not bring himself to tell of the deed but rambles on about some happy incident of their lives, or some sweet recollection of her childhood. Finally he tells that when he went to say farewell to her, he gave her a little ivory-handled knife to keep as a gift from one who loved her. But she scorned it and

> "Her eyes looked on (him) with emptied heart
> When most (his) heart was full of her."

Utterly maddened he plunged the dagger in her heart. As he tells of this to the priest, he exclaims as though the thought had just come to him,

> "And she keeps it, see,
> Do you not see she keeps it?—there, beneath
> Wet fingers and wet tresses, in her heart."

Rossetti shows himself to be a master where he portrays the young man's inability to confess his guilt. The agony of mind and the desolate remorse depicted are wonderfully human.

Rossetti was extremely sensitive to sound and to color. Thus, of the "Blessed Damozel," he said:

> "Her voice was like the voice stars
> Had when they sang together."

And he gives this delicious little description of the music of the Beryl stone:

> "they too were 'ware
> Of music—notes that fell through the air;
> A chiming shower of strange device,
> Drop, echoing drop, once, twice and thrice,
> As rain may fall in Paradise."

Nor less exquisite is the appearance of the Beryl stone:

> "With shuddering light 'twas stirred and strewn
> Like the cloud-nest of the wading moon:
> Freaked it was as the bubble's ball,
> Rainbow-hued through a misty pall,
> Like the middle light of the waterfall."

As his art manifested itself in his poetry in wonderful coloring and beautiful description, so his poetry influenced his art in giving poetic conceptions. These two talents were a mutual strength, and the characteristics of one are observed in the other. In his pictures the same truth to nature and originality appear as well as the same brilliancy of color, mystery and symbolism. His types of women, too, are the same. They all have abundance of golden hair, as the Blessed Damozel, whose "hair that lay along her back was yellow like ripe corn." Their faces are grave and thoughtful, with full tender lips and in their eyes unfathomable mystery. Rossetti particularly admired "large lovely arms and a neck like a tower." Even though he sometimes exaggerated this feature of large hands and arms, they are a great relief after the tiny-handed heroines so popular in modern art and fiction. But his women are strong creatures, with nothing coy nor affected about them.

After this slight study of his poems and pictures, can we not fancy the man? Bright, fresh, impetuous, irresistible. One of those open-hearted, open-handed natures that attracts every one. And yet Rossetti was rather undemonstrative and reserved; except toward his mother, and her he fondled and petted with gentle tenderness. He was always on the alert to find things that would interest her, and would treasure up little incidents about the birds

and the animals, the flowers and the woods for her entertainment. For his wife he attested his affection by, on her death, burying with her his volume of poems just ready for publication. The romance of this story is, however, somewhat diminished by our knowledge that he afterwards permitted them to be exhumed and published.

One man differs from another in only a few distinguishing features, and one of these in Rossetti was the mania for collecting odd things. One day, in a fit of enthusiasm, he bought a zebu, very beautiful but very ferocious. As the only place to keep his acquisition was the back yard, and the only way to reach the back yard was through the house, the zebu was escorted through the hall into his future home. Here Rossetti feasted his eyes and exulted in his new possession—from the back door. When finally he made bold to approach his little pet to caress his downy coat, he was soon made aware that his presence was not desired, and only after vigorous exertion did he escape with his life. Next day the zebu was duly conducted out of the front door, but Rossetti was always reticent about talking of his zebu. Another idiosyncrasy of this whimsical man was the accumulating of blue china. His collection was beautiful and valuable, but he was obliged to sell it to meet his expenses.

In appearance the poet-painter was of Italian type, with dark complexion, dark silky hair and bluish-grey eyes. His beard and moustache were slightly auburn, and this seems to have been a family characteristic, as the name Rossetti means a tendency towards red hair.

Rossetti's most lasting influence springs from his struggle with the Pre-Raphaelite brothers to portray truth. They painted nature directly from herself, and not second-hand from Raphael or any previous artist. In literature they expressed the same ideal. The brotherhood, having been organized chiefly by Rossetti, and centered around him as its dominant spirit, passed away after his death. But even though it no longer exists, its influence is still inspiring men to represent nature as it is. A. G. R., '03.

SOME WOMEN OF BROWNING.

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN says of Robert Browning that "whatever else he was, he was essentially a psychologist." In his poetry, all else is subservient to one thing—the study of human nature. His power and, above all, subtlety in the analysis of human character is by no other feature of his poetry so strongly and fascinatingly exemplified as in his portrayal of types of womanhood.

In all his galaxy of women, Browning has given us a no more artistic and individual personality than that of the little Italian silk-winder, Pippa. The choice of her nationality is the first obvious example of the poet's surface skill which presents itself to our thought. She combines the childish innocence of her years with the early-developing maturity of the Southern woman. In the dramatic motive of the poem she typifies unconscious goodness. Unconscious her goodness is, but it is not the goodness of ignorance, nor yet of a childish innocence; she has, if only with the instinctive recognition of pure womanhood, a knowledge of good and evil. She thinks Ottima and Sebald happy in the intensity of their mutual love, because, in accordance with her nature, she thinks the love good and pure. But she has some inkling of the scandal attached and realizes, further, that, if this be so, true happiness—the happiness of Goodness and Purity—is not existent therein. The austerity of Pippa's life has taught her more than one lesson of worldly lore, and when she passes Jules and Phene she muses, with a wisdom which has been criticized as beyond her years, on the fact that

"Lovers grow cold, men learn to hate their wives."

She expresses a preference for the calmer, careful love of parenthood, and from that she passes on to her choice of the love of the priest, Monsignor. This is the triumph of her typification of Goodness—the choice of Divine Love.

In this poem of "Pippa Passes," the character of Ottima stands out in bold relief. On the one hand, this is effected by the clear light of Pippa's goodness in contrast with the other woman's passion and evil; on the other hand, by the indecision and alertness of the German man as opposed to the absorption

and intensity of the Italian woman. In the intensity of her nature, she finds entire satisfaction in the gratification of her passion; she loves Sebald the more on account of the crime. Her ultimate remorse is brought about, not through the influence of awakening good, but because she loses the love of Sebald. Hers is the character analysis of one of the most elementary types of womanhood—passionate, intense in every emotion, untaught by reason, ungoverned by self-control and unawakened to a perception of the Good.

In Phene, also, there exists for us a distinct personality which is emphasized by the characters of the other two women. She has not the innate purity of Pippa's childishness, nor yet the passion of Ottima's more developed womanhood. Brought into contact with the goodness of Jule's nature, her own responds. It is interesting to note the influence of her awakening womanhood upon the man.

Of Colombe, it has been said that she is one of Browning's "sweetest and most complete" characters. One of the sweetest, because we realize that it is through charm of personality that she gives the impression of noble womanhood; one of the most complete, because the development of her character is traced step by step in the poem until her perfected womanhood is revealed on the birthday of her real self and her real life. When first confronted with the loss of her duchy she reveals by her action that, woman-like, personal support and devotion have been of more importance to her than the duties and responsibilities of her position. Yet the fineness of her nature is shown at once by her response to the pleading of Valence. The first important step in her development is accomplished when Valence succeeds in making her realize that she has been taking too personal a view of her position, and awakens her to the duties imposed upon her by it. After reading the paper which is presented her by Valence, she says at once,

> "Prince Berthold, who art Julier's Duke it seems—
> The King's choice, and the Emperor's, and the Pope's—
> Be mine, too! Take this people! Tell not me
> Of rescripts, precedents, authorities,
> But take them, from a heart that yearns to give!
> Find out their love,—I could not; find their fear,—
> I would not; find their like,—I never shall,
> Among the flowers! Colombe of Ravestein,
> Thanks God she is no longer Duchess here!"

But after Valence's impassioned appeal for Cleves and her sovereignty, she exclaims, with a nobility of impulse and a quickness of perception,

"Then I re-
main Cleve's Duchess! Take your note,
While Cleves but yields one subject of this stamp,
I stand her lady until she waves me off!
For her sake, all the Prince claims I withhold;
Laugh at each menace; and, his power defying,
Return his missive with its due contempt!"

Thus we see her quick response to his nobler ideal of her position. Yet, when she comes into the presence of Berthold and is on the point of yielding, t is the thought of her loss of power that determines her to make a stand against him,

"Oh, my very heart is sick,
It is the daughter of a line of Dukes
This scornful, insolent adventurer
Will bid depart from my dead father's walls!"

But she shows development and awakening of character in the same scene, for while she is hesitating to contend with Berthold, she says to Valence,

"Now, sadly conscious my real power was missed,
Its shadow goes without so much regret;
Else could I not again thus calmly bid you
Answer Prince Berthold."

She remains more interested in others' fulfilling their duty to her than in the fulfilling of her duties towards others. To the end she constitutes herself the judge of others. In the scene with Valence she encourages him to make a declaration of his love in order to reassure herself and, for she is ever feminine, to satisfy her vanity, and, at its close, although she returns his love, she exclaims in pain when she realizes that his motive showed not the "broader, finer service"—that of loyalty. Interpretation here admits of two or more conflicting conclusions. Either she is really pained to discover that the personal equation existed in Valence's motive, or, realizing that such a nature as Valence's would have performed the duty to Cleves whether or no, she sees that the love is independent of any service which it may render, and, too, that the duty is not necessarily marred by personal interest. If the latter be the true interpretation, then her exclamation,

"Mournful—that nothing's what it calls itself!
Devotion, zeal, faith, loyalty—mere love,"

is merely a happy triumphant thrust at what she knows is supreme. Thus

the latter is probably the deeper, and, in view of Browning's habitual exaltation of love, the truer interpretation. It may be said of Colombe in general that, although she herself fails to grasp the truest meanings and to choose the highest ideals, yet when these are shown her through the agency of another, her womanhood is quick to grasp the truest and to choose the highest. Intellectually, she is not developed sufficiently to take the initiative, but she has a woman's subtlety of perception and quickness of response. These qualities joined with an eminently feminine charm of personality lead us to judge that Browning intended her to be the impersonation of a popular ideal of a woman's nature.

In this intense womanliness and subtle femininity of disposition, Constance, the character of chief interest in "In a Balcony," is not unlike Colombe. In this poem the man and the woman are ideal foils the one for the other. As a man, he is upright, honest, direct—and so a manly man: as a woman, she is perceptive, loving, protective—and so a womanly woman. Norbert loves Constance, he is grateful to the Queen, and his man's nature prompts him to proclaim his love and to plead his cause. Constance loves Norbert, and she, too, is grateful to the Queen. But she is more than grateful and her woman's nature prompts her to delay, to plan, to follow some less direct measure. Not that she is morally weak, but she is true to a woman's more subtle instincts of perception and affection. Later, when confronted by the alternative of the Queen's anguish, she proves her love and gratitude capable of the supremest self-sacrifice. The entire poem is the exemplification of a man's acceptation of the first, most obvious duty, and a woman's blind ferreting out of an underlying, more elusive and more self-torturing one. Constance is not intended to be the impersonation of an unquestioning, evenly moral nature, but the loving, sensitive delineation of a most womanly one. Critics are divided concerning Constance, striving to prove her either utterly good or utterly bad. But no such arbitrary decision can be reached; she is too consistently and elusively feminine.

As to the Queen, she is an example of an artificial, starved nature, which must have once been an intensely womanly one. She craved the support and protection of love and found no solace in the ruling of men. She was capable of a self-denial rivalling Constance's own, but she could not brook the pity and triumph of the younger woman. She is at the same time pathetic and terrible.

Polyxena, in "King Victor and King Charles," is from first to last the quick-witted, decisive woman, more fit, perhaps, in the spirit of discernment and decision, to rule than King Charles himself is. She exerts a strong influ-

ence over him, succeeds in bringing him to the height of her point of view and then is incapable herself of following him in his further development. Her practicality and clear-headedness influence him strongly and make of her "the power behind the throne." She makes mistakes such as are consistent with her character; her powers of penetration are not always perfect, she does not at first see through Victor's intention and she continues to the last to suspect D'Ormea of plotting against Charles. She is clear-headed, practical and truth-loving; he is weaker, less stable and less discerning, but with more ideality of disposition, and, once aroused by contact with her strength, is capable of a higher, more sensitive development.

In Anael, devotion to her tribe is almost a religion and she bestows a divine, exalted love upon the man who, as she thinks, is to be its saviour. Her scorn, when he makes his confession, is intense, as is consistent with her nature, but it is momentary. A more human love bred of her woman's heart awakes to its part of loving, cherishing and protecting; so that Djabal says to her:

> "It seemed love, but it was not love:
> How could I love while thou adored me?
> Now thou dispisest, art above me so immeasurably!"

She exemplifies the relation between a love that is divine in its remoteness and exaltation and a love more human in its very weakness, and she becomes for us a Revelation of the Incarnation.

Pompilia is acknowledged to be the masterpiece of Browning's creation; if only from the fact that so many points of view of her as a woman are presented. Yet with so many and so different personages telling the story in "The Ring and the Book," we get the same impression of her salient characteristics. Thus she gains strength of individuality by having her story told and retold. If the poet had failed, this method would have made of her a product of conflicting and inconsistent characteristics, and her impersonation as a distinct individual would have been lost to us. In her purity and innocence she is not unlike Pippa, but she is far more intense and human in her emotions. When, at the end, she does come to love Caponsacchi, it is with a a pure, unquestioning love. She thinks that, as a priest, he would not marry her if he could, and she does not conceive of the possibility of her marrying him. The purity of her thought is shown by her allusion here to "the marrying and giving in marriage in Heaven." She experiences, too, the intensity of the purest and most self-sacrificing of all love—that of motherhood. This purifies her every other feeling of love.

A study of woman in the poetry of Browning calls forth, first, a comment on his deep knowledge of human nature and, secondly, his powers in the crea-

tion of personalities. He is not confined to typical or racial characteristics, although, with the master-artist's skill, he bends these outside influences to his use. Anael is not the typical Oriental woman; she has far too much intellectual and emotional energy. Yet the contrasting racial characteristics of Sebald and Ottima are skillfully used in the depicting of their contrasting influences upon each other. Throughout his poems his characters act strongly upon each other, and he dwells upon and emphasizes the power of woman's influence. Further, his characters are created by the subtlest analysis of their thoughts and actions, and not by descriptive sketches. But the latter, when used, are effective and comprehensive. When he puts into the mouth of the huntsman telling the story the following inimitable description of the Duchess:

"She was active, stirring, all fire.
Could not rest, could not tire,
To a stone she might have given life.
* * * *
The smallest lady alive * * *
Too small, almost, for the life and gladness
That over-filled her,"

it leaves little to be added to our picture either of her appearance or character-qualities.

Each of his women exists as an individual; this notwithstanding the fact that he invariably has in view the exemplification and exaltation of certain great ideals. His poetry is permeated with his conception of the nobility of self-sacrifice, the loftiness and magnitude of human love, and the exaltation and perfection of divine love. Thus through the medium of womanhood, creating at the same time strong and intensely human individualities, he has taught the great lessons of his poetry. K. de R. M., '03.

THREE POETS OF THE SOUTH—LANIER, HAYNE AND TIMROD

Lanier.

SELDOM ARE the names of three poets so closely connected as are those of Lanier, Hayne and Timrod. And it is well that it is so. The men themselves were natives of sister States, were fellow-members of the Confederate army, and wrote poetry pervaded by the same high and noble spirit. Their popularity, however, stands on different planes.

Of the three, Sidney Lanier is the most widely known. He was born in Macon, Georgia, February 3, 1842. The Laniers were of French Huguenot blood. The poet's maternal ancestors attained distinction in music and painting at the court of Elizabeth and the Stuarts; for his mother was of Scotch descent. On both sides, therefore, he was descended from pious ancestors, and it may not be too fanciful to suppose that he drew from those far-off art-loving Huguenot forerunners the beginning of his own exquisite sensibility.

He early showed signs of this sensibility, music especially having a wonderful power over him. As a boy he could play almost any instrument, and it is recorded that after improvising on the violin, he would be rapt into an ecstasy which left his whole frame trembling with the exhaustion of too tense delight.

His education was such as was to be obtained at a small Southern seminary before the Civil War. At fourteen he entered Oglethorpe College, where he was graduated with highest honors in 1860. At graduation he was elected a tutor in his alma mater, but before six months had passed he had entered upon his four years' university course in the awful school of war. Of him it might be said with truth:

> "His daily teachers had been wood and rills,
> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

He and his brother enlisted in the Macon volunteers and were hurried off to Virginia. He was engaged in many of the great battles of the war, and

although he enjoyed the wild, free life in the saddle and on the blockade, he never forgot his allegiance to poetry and music. He found time to translate Heine, Goethe, and Schiller in camp, and after the arduous labors of the day were over, the magic notes of his flute, his inseparable companion, could frequently be heard floating out on the night breezes. In 1864 he was captured. He endured great hardships during captivity, and the long journey he was forced to make in the dead of winter shattered his constitution and sowed the seeds of consumption.

For ten years after the war he tried various ways of winning bread; teaching in country schools, working in village stores, and practicing law with his father, each had its turn. But he was restless. He had not found his life work; he nourished his soul during these years of experiment only on sweet dreams and noble visions from which the twin figures, music and poetry, were never absent. With his marriage to Miss Mary Day, of Macon, in 1867, there came into his life the joy, the peace, the inspiration and the perfect love which the poet describes with deep feeling in the poem entitled "My Springs."

Lanier was conscious of the possession of great power, but lack of congenial atmosphere hampered his development and the constant warfare he was waging against consumption, gave him scant leisure for his art. From Texas whither he had gone in search of health, he wrote to his wife: "All day my soul hath been cutting swiftly into the great space of the subtle, unspeakable deep, driven by wind after wind of heavenly melody. The very inner spirit and essence of all wind songs, bird songs, passion songs, soul songs, and body songs hath blown upon me in quick gusts like the breath of passion, and sailed me into a sea of vast dreams whereof each wave is at once a vision and a melody."

In 1873 he secured an engagement in Baltimore as first flute for the Peabody Symphony Concerts. This step was of far-reaching influence on his future development; it meant a definite consecration of his life to music and poetry.

He wrote to his father: "For twenty years, through poverty, through pain, through weariness, through sickness, through the uncongenial atmosphere of a farcical college, and of a bare army, and then of an exacting business life, through all the discouragement of being wholly unacquainted with literary people and literary ways—these two figures of music and poetry have been steadily kept in my heart so that I could not banish them." The struggle for existence was not to become any easier, but now his hungry soul reveled in the atmosphere of music and poetry. He secured an appointment as lecturer on English Literature in Johns Hopkins University in 1879, and for

the first time in his life he was assured of a regular, though inadequate income. For two years he was able to maintain his superb struggle against tremendous odds, but the end came in September, 1881. Dr. Baskerville, in his appreciative study of the poet, says: "No mantle of charity had to be thrown over anything Sidney Lanier ever said or did. And it is pleasing to know that as he lay awake in the weary watches of the night beautiful thoughts and poetic fancies were his blessed companions."

Sidney Lanier had a definite view of the relation of art to life. Life was not life if it allowed commercialism and materialism to put beyond its reach poetry and music and all the means of æsthetic and spiritual enjoyment. Lanier does not set forth these views didactically. His verse is too airy and refined to admit didacticism. So it is in form even more than in substance that his poems are gospels. "His 'Symphony' is not only a glorification of art; it is itself a glorified example of art, in which the violins and the flute and the clarionet are made to speak almost in their own tones, complaining of the deadly blight of Trade, and ringing the praises of the music master, unselfish Love."

Lanier sometimes let his worship of art destroy the spontaneity and naturalness of his work; yet even granting this, we must look upon him as a poet largely trained by nature, for "true it is that a poet is made, not born, only the making is in the hands of God and of the poet himself." And in his poetry we see his pleasure in life, in the flooding light and glowing color—his ecstasy, as it were, in the beauties of nature. He was thrilled by the glories of the sunrise just as his violin thrilled him, and he has put all of this nameless beauty and joy into his poetry. In "Corn," often considered his best work, the poet's

> "fieldward-faring eyes
> Take harvests where the stately corn ranks rise,
> Of inward dignities
> And large benignities and insights wise,
> Graces and modest majesties."

Poems that are unsurpassed for glowing word-painting and appreciation of nature are the series of "Hymns of The Marshes," which comprise "Sunrise," "Individuality," and "Sunset;" these show his close communion with the great mother nature.

He has, however, a wide range of feeling. All his poems do not show this wild æsthetic delight in life; some are full of sadness, and he welcomes death as man's best friend. In "The Raven Days," there seems to appear a shadow of doubt, of dark distrust, but this is all dispelled in the glorious triumph of

"A Song of Eternity in Time," and also in a "Song of the Future," "The Ballad of the Trees and My Master" and "The Marshes of Glynn" are religion set to music.

His descriptions, his poetical perceptions are exquisitely vivid, yet equally delicate and fine. He himself said of one of his poems that it was not what he wished it to be because he could not find words to express the thought, he had to put it into words of some sort to dress it to suit the popular fancy, but by so doing the thought was marred; some day he would write one for himself, in which he would try to find words to express the beautiful thoughts in his soul. Those who have read his "Science of English Verse" and his "Music and Poetry" know how closely connected to his mind were music and poetry He sent a little poem to a friend once which he said "had sung itself through him," and he expressed it rightly. His poems give just that impression; they have "sung themselves through him," and in the passage have gathered their beautiful thoughts from his rich poet nature.

Sidney Lanier's poetical character may be summed up in the words from his own note-book when he was in college, where we find him reflecting. "A poet is the mocking-bird of the spiritual universe. In him are collected all the individual songs of all individual nature;" and he was his own ideal.

Hayne.

Paul Hamilton Hayne was an intimate and dear friend of both Sidney Lanier and Henry Timrod, though particularly of the latter, for he was a friend of Timrod's boyhood. Hayne was born in Charleston, S. C., January 1st, 1830. Inheriting the graces of his distinguished family, Paul Hayne possessed those qualities of mind and heart that we are accustomed to associate with the noblest types of the old South. He was a Southern gentleman to the core.

He was educated at Charleston College, from which he was graduated. From earliest boyhood his fondness for literature, and particularly for poetry, was pronounced; no sooner had he graduated than he threw himself actively into literary life. He became connected with the journalism of his native city and was one of a group of enthusiastic young scholars who used to meet for literary suppers at the beautiful home of William Gilmore Sims. These suppers were brightened by the wit of Legarè and the deep firm thought of Calhoun and all the brilliant band who made Southern literature of that time worthy of praise.

In the meantime, Hayne married Miss Mary Middleton Michel, of Charleston. In the dark years that followed his wife was to him all that and more than Lanier's wife was to Lanier. By her self-renunciation, her exquisite

sympathy, her positive material help, her bright cheerfulness, she made endurable the losses and trials that crowded Hayne's life.

Although Hayne was a Colonel in the Confederate Army, and saw active service on the field of battle, his superb heroism was not fully tested until after the close of the war. In that awful conflict he lost health, home, books, property, everything except hope "and the consecration and the poet's dream."

Out of the wreck, he came forth courageous and resolute, not to rebuild his shattered fortunes, but to live the life of an artist. He isolated himself in the pine barrens of Georgia and gave himself up to the profession of letters. There at "Copse Hill," Georgia, nested among his greenery and his pines, the poet lived for the remainder of his life. Hamilton Mabie says, "The story of those fifteen years at Copse Hill, overlooking Augusta, and within the circle of the whispering pines, is one of those high traditions of the primacy of the spirit in which American history is exceptionally rich, and which, in the long reach of the centuries, may be seen to be the fittest contribution made by the earlier American men of letters to higher civilization on this continent."

It is as a writer of sonnets and of poems picturing Southern scenery that Hayne is noted. Artistic as he was in temperament, he has perhaps excelled other American poets in his use of the sonnet—that stanza with which so many great poets have unlocked their hearts.

The recluse poet at "Copse Hill" interpreted nature, we think, with an insight not unlike that of the poet of Rydal Mount. He has made the melancholy moanings of his Georgia pines sob through his verses. He has given voices to the "Midnight Thunder," to the "Windless Rain," to the "Muscadines of the Southern Forests," to their "Woodland Phases," and to the "Aspects of the Pines." So Hayne, like Lanier, is a nature poet; yet while he is like him, he is different; his songs are slower and more soothing, sadder than Lanier's wild delight. In "The Poet's Trust in his Sorrow," we see the man himself, deprived as he was of all his worldly goods, telling us,

> "O God! how sad a doom is mine,
> To human seeming:
> Thou hast called on me to resign
> So much—much!—all—but the divine
> Delights of dreaming."

We find all through his poems the aromatic freshness of the woods,—the swaying insense of the cathedral-like aisles of pines,—the sough of dying summer winds,—the glint of lonely pools, and the brooding notes of leaf-hidden

mocking birds. A lover of the true and the beautiful, he made his verse the embodiment of the poetic spirit of the South.

Henry Timrod.

Less finished in his verse, but a more serious and spontaneous singer, was Hayne's friend, Henry Timrod.

Timrod was born at Charleston, S. C., December 8, 1829. Both his parents were cultured and talented, his father being himself no mean poet, but they were in straitened circumstances. They managed, however, to give their son an education; he studied at the University of Georgia, where he was not graduated because of lack of means, but he distinguished himself in his college career. He was of a delicate, frail constitution, and early showed symptoms of that dread disease which brought his life to an untimely end.

After he left college he returned to Charleston, where he spent a short time in the delightful company of that charming and brilliant coterie of the quaint old city, William Gilmore Simms, George Bryan, and Timrod's dear and intimate friend, Paul Hayne.

He next attempted the study of law, but his poet soul did not find this an agreeable occupation, and he secured a position as private tutor. It was during this period of quiet that he wrote some of his best works. This period was, however, not to last long. Already the storm was breaking on the poet and his people; the sun of the Confederacy was rising in blood; and now it was that Timrod wrote his stirring war lyrics which ring like steel on steel.

Timrod, being of the hot blood of the South, responded to the call of his country, but after service in the army for a short time, his disease grew on him to such an extent that he received an honorable discharge. This inability to serve his country in the field was to him a source of great grief.

In 1864 he went to Columbia, S. C., where he became editor of the *South Carolinian* and strove to serve his country at home. Soon after his moving to Columbia, he married Miss Kate Goodwin, the "Katie" whose praises he has sung with so much tenderness and such loving grace. But the blow that ruined his prospects was the laying waste of Columbia by Sherman's army. His office, the office of the *South Carolinian*, was the first building destroyed on account of Timrod's vigorous and patriotic editorials which had made him obnoxious to the Federals; so obnoxious in fact that during their occupation of Columbia he was obliged to remain in hiding. When he was able to come forth he found before him a picture of utter desolation; the once beautiful town a waste of ruins. He saw, too, the end of all his hopes and dreams of publishing a little volume of his poems—a volume that he fondly expected

would make him known to the literary world. Sick unto death but with unfailing courage, he was obliged to labor on, literally, "to feed his family." He was too proud to receive willingly or graciously the help so gladly tendered by friends.

Seven months later, Timrod's only child, Willie, was laid in "that sweet grave" which, for no long time, was to part the father from his son; for now Timrod's life was drawing to a close. The greatest trial of the many with which his life was filled—the death of this son—is indeed recorded in "Our Willie;" but even here the poet's pride checks the expression of his bitter grief:

> "Shall we, shall you and I, before
> That world's unsympathetic eyes
> Lay other relics from our store
> Of tender memories?"

And even through this lament runs the deep note of a manly trust in God; for a marked characteristic of the man was his unshaken trust. He never doubted, although his life was one long defeat. We find this characteristic of the man in his best and truest poems; in them we find no false note, no jarring note of doubt, but many words of cheer—words that renewed the courage of his people, of the beloved, yet well-nigh despairing South. He reverently believed in the mission of the poet as prophet and teacher, and he consecrated his gift to its noblest use, to the discharge of the "high and holy debt" that he, as poet, owed the world. It was largely for this reason that Timrod now clung to life. He felt that he had not finished his work, he had not discharged that "high and holy debt." For this reason and for the sake of those dear to him, he clung to life, but did not fear to die. He met his end with the same quiet courage with which he had lived. He died at Columbia, S. C., October 6th, 1867, and there, in the quiet graveyard of Trinity Church, he lies at rest. It is but a small shaft that marks the place where this hero lies, but it is good to know that "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

As lover of man and nature his sympathy was universal; no theme was too humble for his pen. "The same law that moulds a planet forms a drop of dew." "We can trace the mighty sun above even by the shadow of a slender flower." Yet he dealt not with the fleeting; for the transitory was to him only the passing form of the abiding. He never wrote a line of merely descriptive poetry; passionately fond as he was of Nature, and always inspired by her, Nature is only the symbol, the image used for interpreting a spiritual meaning.

The moral purity of his poems is their distinctive quality as it is of the

man; with a universal sympathy for all life, he moved always on the highest planes of thought and feeling and purpose. He seemed to be always impressed in his art with the truth of his own lines:

"There is no unimpressive spot on earth.
The beauty of the stars is over all;"

and his earnestness and deep poetic insight clothed all themes with the beauty and light that is in and over all.

"He felt with Milton in his noble words that the abiding work is not raised in the heat of youth or by the vapors of wine, or by invocation to Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge and send out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altars to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases."

In all his poems there is a nameless spell of simplicity, fervid yet tender, and an imagination strong yet delicate, both in its perception and in its expression. His style is "like noble music unto noble words;" it is elaborate, yet perfectly natural: there is no trace of labor; grace guides and power impels. There is a ceaseless melody and perfect finish to his verse. Moreover, there is a universality of poetic feeling: he has struck every chord, and always with a keen sensibility and delicacy of natural instinct.

Among his finest poems is "The Vision of Poesy," his longest work. It was written in his youth and sets forth the mission of the poetic art; it has some lofty passages, and the promise of his later power and melody.

"A Year's Courtship" is, in its glow and grace and music, the perfection of the poetic art; "A Serenade" is brimming with the luxuriousness of the South and is daintily voluptuous.

"Ethnogenesis," "the birth of the nation," is regarded by some as his greatest poem; it is a prophecy linked with an expression of the hope and aspiration of the newborn nation of the South. A permanent image of the Southern nature and character is thus richly portrayed.—

But the type
"Whereby we shall be known in every land
Is that vast gulf which lips our Southern strand
And through the cold, untempered ocean pours
Its genial streams, that far off Arctic shores
May sometimes catch upon the softened breeze
Strange tropic warmth and hints of summer seas."

"The Cotton Boll," with its thoughts of "the snow of Southern sum-

mers," is a forerunner of Lanier's "Corn;" it is a vivid picture, a glowing painting of Carolina from sea to mountain, and the poet tells us

"No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays
Or given home to man."

"Spring," recalls the wonderful burst of a Southern spring, with its flooding life and glory and beauty, the miracle of the old yet always divinely new story of the Resurrection.

But his poetical works are not confined to the reflective; his was at times a trumpet voice. When the blast of war sounded, his voice rang like a clarion in "Carolina" and "A Call to Arms." "Carolina" has all the fire of "Maryland! My Maryland," with a greater polish and a sort of restrained battle fury. These, with "Charleston," are the best poems that the War of Secession has produced, North or South. But "Charleston" is surely the best of all. For in drawing this picture of his beloved city facing her foes, Timrod has given us the living image of the South herself. When Timrod knows that troubles can be ended only by the stern arbitrament of war he unflinchingly urges men to action; but in many poems he lets appear his pathetic longing for an honorable peace, and this longing breaks forth in passionate desire and prayer in that noble poem, "Peace."

"Timrod's poems are not the echo of any master, or the product of any school, but the full expression of his own nature, and therefore of more than his own, since his character was that of his people. For of all Southern writers Timrod is the most typical Southerner, and hence his verse most truly reflects the South; that South which is neither new nor old, but the South which, for storms or sunshine, changes as little as her own eternal hills."

H. G. D., '03.

THE GRUMBLER'S LAMENT

When I was born,
  Everyone cried;
I cried myself,
  Woe should betide!
All through my life
  Where'er I roam,
Thorns strew my path
  Abroad or at home.

My hair is too dark,
  My eyes are too light,
My nose is too large,
  My mouth is not right.
My clothes never fit,
  Each hat is a fright,
My collars are loose,
  My shoes are too tight.

I hated my home,
  They sent me to school,
It's a thousand times worse,
  Each act has a rule.
The teacher can't teach,
  There's nothing to eat,
Except what's too salt
  Or else is too sweet.

Whenever I leave
  This hole of a place,
I'll have to come out—
  Sad is my case.
Parties I loathe,
  Dances I hate ;
Each man's a bore,
  Oh ! what a fate !

I guess I shall live
  Until I shall die,
It's a sad waste of time,
  For life is so dry.
And when upward I mount,
  And on golden throne sit,
My harp won't be tuned,
  And my halo won't fit.

—E. B., '04.

A GOLDEN MEMORY

HE WALKED quickly, impatiently, up and down the platform. The train was due in five minutes, but it seemed five hours to him. How he had waited for, and looked forward to this time! It had been two years since he had seen her. "Yes," he mused, "two whole years, and it has seemed eternities to me." How time had lagged! The months had dragged by so heavy and slow, with only five little letters from her in the meantime. Five precious little letters that he knew entirely by heart; that he had read and re-read until they were almost worn in two. And now—he would at last see her. He stopped to take a good breath, and recalled clearly how she had looked that day when he told her good-bye, her merciless little laugh when he had told her something, and asked her something. And even while he had recognized the heartlessness in her laugh, he had also caught the sweetness, which made it even harder for him, as he knew that the bitterness, only, was his. What a fool he had been even to hope a little! And now he was at last to know. She had promised to tell him this week.

He heard the train as it blew in the distance, and wondered how he could be so calm when she was so near. As it slowly drew up, he pushed through the bustling crowd, and caught sight of her. Her eyes were as blue—and there was the dear little dimple near her mouth, that always peeped out just before she smiled (how he *loved* that dimple!), her hair had the same soft, ashy gold look, and there was just a tinge of color in her face. He noted all this in the little second it took him to reach her. "I'm glad, I'm glad," he said almost breathlessly. She laughed as she said, "I am too." He took her grip and umbrella in a way which showed how much he appreciated whose grip and umbrella it was, saying, "Mary couldn't come. She said I might bring you home."

As he walked with her to the carriage he noticed that she held her head in the proud little way he remembered so well, and that her chin had the same determined look. He wished, yes, he was sure he wished it did not look quite so determined.

They talked of the various things that had come into each of their lives during the past two years. Then there was a pause. She looked straight

ahead as if she were looking down the visits of years. He looked at her. Presently she turned her head, and glanced at him in the same half-serious, half-laughing way.

"Well," he said, quietly, "do you remember?"

She said quickly, as if she was trying to change the subject,

"The little club we had when we were children, and the meanings we attached to certain colors?"

"I remember," he answered, slowly, "that *pink* meant 'I love you' and lavender '*yes*.'"

"I have a better memory than that," she said. "*Green* meant 'I hate you;' blue, 'I'm your friend;' white, 'I care for you;' and black stood for '*no*.'"

"But this hasn't anything to do with my answer," he argued.

"Oh yes it has! I will arrange it this way. You know there will be three dances this week. Well, you may get your answer from the colors of of the dresses I wear. The first dance is to-night. Be sure and watch for me," she said as he helped her out, "and don't forget the meanings of the colors."

How could he wait four long hours to know even one-third of his answer? But maybe it wouldn't be one-third. Maybe she would wear green. That looked so well on her, and made her hair seem so full of gold. And then, if it should be black—how he hated black! He remembered telling her once how he loved to see her in black: she looked like a subdued little nun. And he hated the thought of it now.

He was at the dance an hour too soon, as he knew he would be He waited in misery, and talked nonsense until he heard her little, low laugh in the hall. As he looked toward the door he caught his breath in glad relief; she wore blue—blue just the shade of her dear eyes. She was his friend at least. But quick on this thought came another, which told him she was a friend to many more besides himself. And he wanted her all to himself. But he had two more evenings to hope for and pray for. She saved only two dances for him. He wanted one more very much, and when he reproached her, she said,

"Oh, you know you are just my friend to-night, and there are many here to-night that enjoy that same privilege."

"I know that," he answered grimly, "but there's no need of rubbing the fact into a fellow."

The next day went by heavily, as if it were loath to lose its hours. He was going with her, himself, to-night, and would the time ever come? Some-

how he did not even hope for *pink*. It would suit the dull misery in his heart so much better if she wore green. But if she wore lavender—he knew they would never go to that dance if her gown was lavender, and thought bitterly that maybe she would rather wear green than miss the dance.

He was punctual to the minute and she did not keep him waiting long enough to collect his thoughts. He heard the soft swish of her skirts on the stair, and arose as she neared the door. There was a soft light behind her, and she stood there in the glow dressed all in white. Not a touch of color anywhere. She had not even worn his roses. But what did he care? She cared for him, and wasn't that enough? He forgot for the moment that she had told him when she cared for anybody it was a little akin to love—but just a little. As he started toward her, she bowed mockingly, and said, "Milord." He returned her bow gravely. She was just playing with him after all, and he had been so serious. The evening went quickly, mingled with happiness and pain for him, and as it seemed, full of nothing but happiness for her.

The next two days crept on. The bitterness of waiting and of hopelessness had crept into his face, and made his grey eyes seem hard and cold. He had determined not to go to the dance until it was half over. But a little after ten he could stand it no longer. He hastened to what would be the happiest or the most detestable place in the world to him, and looked eagerly, anxiously for her! When he did see her, everything grew dim and unsteady. She wore black; soft clinging black. When he could see better he noticed vaguely that it was not entirely black. A touch of pale gold shown through the meshes of her gown, and a sash of the same color, like a flame, was knotted around her waist. He asked for only one dance, and when it came he took her off to a dim little corner.

"What does the brightness in your dress mean?" he said harshly. "Why is it there? What does it mean?"

She looked straight at him, and there was no mockery in her eyes this time; they looked soft and bright and earnest.

"This," she said, touching the ribbon lightly as she rose to leave him, "this brightness is the memory of somebody, that I will keep forever."

K. M. B., '03.

THE STORY OF A WAVE

SOMETIMES WHEN one has wished very much for something, has waited and longed and striven, disregarding all beside, to gain one dear object, the end has been attained at last—to prove but sorrow.

A long stretch of white sand glistening in the sunlight, a black cliff rising threateningly from the strip of beach, a lazy seagull or two dipping occasionally into the crest of the waves, and over all an unclouded arch of bluest heaven, is what the wave saw when it recovered from its first surprise of being so far in shore.

Until now it had been miles away out at sea, and had known only an expanse of changing sky above and shifting sea below, while here among the many sights the sky alone was the only thing it had ever seen before. But the wave had always loved the clouds and the sky better than the great ocean and its own fellow-waves, so it was not afraid. Instead, it splashed a greeting as it touched the foot of the cliff for the first time, and then, slipping back a yard or two, it played idly with the pebbles and sea shells scattered around, gathering them into little heaps and murmuring softly over them, then, as a breeze came dancing up towards the shore, it scattered them once more and returned to the foot of the cliff.

For a long time the wave was very happy. The shells on the beach were always ready to play with, and when it tired of these it would return the frowns of the cliff with dancing smiles, and mock at it with ripples of laughter. And besides, it had but to raise its glance towards the sky to find new charms in the clouds wandering there.

One day as it lay watching the big white clouds that drifted so very slowly overhead, one attracted its notice particularly by its perfect whiteness, and the wave watched it as it crossed the sky and drew nearer and nearer the black cliff. It reached the rock and lingered over it, set off every dark projection and darker crevice in strong relief, and the wave observed for the first time a bright spot of blue just at the top of the cliff. It gazed wondering, for the cloud had shut out the sky completely, and besides, that quiet heaven was different from this bit of blue that wavered and swayed at the breath of every

passing breeze. It was so strange that the wave, to get a better view, ran back to meet an incoming billow, and as it rose high on the crest it looked eagerly toward the top of the cliff. There was no blue sky there, only nodding gracefully against the background of the soft, dazzling cloud, was a bank of dark blue flowers which grew down to the very edge of the rock itself. The billow broke and fell and the wave rocked helplessly to and fro far below the flowers.

The cloud sailed on unnoticed, for at the top of the cliff there was left that spot of a deeper blue than the sky, and toward it the wave gazed always, never thinking again of the lost cloud or of the place the wave itself had come from, where the sea was deep. It knew now only a narrow strip of beach, and a black rock, and it looked and longed only for the flowers that grew at the top of the cliff.

Day after day passed and the moon rose and set again and again and still the wave thought only of the blue beauty of the flowers above it, until the wish to reach them became the passion of its whole existence. It clung fast to the dear thought of attaining to them and in spite of all rebuff it would not be hopeless. It begged each billow to lift it on high, and sometimes its request was granted and it was happy, and at other times when it was caught up only to be swept out away from the shore, it did not reproach the big waves, but in sorrow came back to the foot of the cliff.

At the ebb of the tide the wave was always the last to linger and to follow the others reluctantly out, and at the flow it was always the first to break on the beach. As it looked at the flowers, they became ever more beautiful and more intensely blue, whether it was in the dawn, when they were half-veiled in mist; at noon-day, in the free glory of the sunshine; in the quiet of evening; or at night, when they showed dimly in a brilliant flood of moonlight above the dark cliff. And even when they faded from view in the still starlight, the wave knew they were there and dreamed of their beauty.

On very clear days the flowers seemed only just beyond its reach, but sometimes there were days when a clinging fog would blot them entirely out of its view, and then the earth and the sky seemed empty and blank and there was no meaning in either. But the fogs never lingered very long, and after a while a breeze would come from over the land and roll the mist out to sea, bringing down to the lonely wave a breath of fragrance of such intoxicating sweetness that it would wander restless, unceasingly, until the fog was all gone and its dear flowers appeared again at the top of the cliff.

The wave longed for them so much that there came to be, at last, more pain than pleasure in the sight of them there, so far above its level and beyond

its reach. It wondered that the birds, who flew wherever they would, never seemed even to see the flowers, and it envied the yellow butterflies that hovered over the precious spot of blue whenever the day was still and warm.

So the wave grew weary of waiting and longing and dashed itself impatiently against the foot of the cliff in the effort to climb the sheer rock. It was in vain, and then—seeing that there was no other way—it began to wish that cruel storms might come, such as it had seen out at sea when the waters went dashing over lost vessels and tore them to pieces in fury. It knew that the same tempest could raise waves powerful enough to fling themselves to the very top of the cliff, and going with them the wave could attain its end, and reach the blue flowers. After this each dark day was eagerly welcomed, and even if rain and cloud did hide the flowers for a time, it did not matter to the wave; it would reach them but the sooner.

Time passed, and the weather grew steadily worse until it looked as if the hopes of the wave might indeed be realized. And then, there came a time at last, when one night the sea and the sky were breathless and black and the waves were still, except for a dull throbbing at the foot of the cliff. It was the wave, waiting for the coming of the storm it had prayed for. The air grew darker and darker, and, if possible, more still, and the only sound was the ceaseless throbbing of the wave by the rock. Then, in a second, a flash of lightning had torn the heavens apart from end to end, a deafening roar of thunder had heralded the coming of the storm, and with a rush of wind and rain it burst on the cliff and over the cowering sea. All night it raged, and the billows that broke over the shore rose constantly higher and higher and with each the wave was lifted nearer the top of the cliff. The very air was full of terror, but the wave heeded nothing but the thought of the blue flowers, now invisible because of the oppressive blackness over everything. And when the night was nearly gone and the storm was fiercest, the wave found, to its joy, that the high billows were breaking almost at the edge of the rock above. It was wild with fear lest they should fall short, but each succeeding wave threw it nearer the flowers, until at last the dark waters, gathering for one mighty effort, rolled towards the rock, rose high in the air, and dashed over the top of the cliff!

The wave broke just on the bank at the edge—it had reached its blue flowers at last.

And when the gray morning came, the storm left a desolate shore, strewn here and there with crushed and broken blue petals, that drifted slowly away out to sea, and a wave to sob forever at the foot of the cliff.

E. B. M., '04.

A SECRET.

I.

High up in the clouds, I have heard old folks say
There once lived a maiden as fair as the day.
The fairies adored her, and to show her their love,
They gave her a necklace (in the land up above),
A necklace of raindrops, as sparkingly bright
As the stars that we see on a clear, cloudless night.

II.

The gift of the jewels made the maiden quite wealthy,
And, moreover, she was both pretty and healthy,
So suitors from near and suitors from far
Came to ask the maid's hand of her doting papa;
But the maid would have none of them, till one sunny day
A gallant young knight came riding her way.

III.

He fell in love with the maiden, but rich he was not,
And he was too proud to ask her to share his poor lot.
But his nature was passionate, and one moonlight night
He told her he loved her, though he knew 'twas not right.
"I can't ask you, sweetheart, to marry me now,
For your wealth divides us, but I solemnly vow

IV.

That my fortune I'll make, and two years from this day
I'll come back to claim you and take you away."
"Two years," the maiden's pink cheeks grew quite pale,
As she clung to her lover's bright armor of mail,
"And were I not rich, you'd *now* marry me?
Oh, wait but a minute, my love, and you'll see."

V.

So saying the maid went indoors, to come back
A few minutes later, with a casket of black.
"Sweetheart, look! here are my riches so rare,
See what for love of you I'll do and I'll dare."
And quickly, impulsively, she broke with her might
The necklace's string. At that the young knight—

VI.

Well, he did just what I know *I* would do,
And, I venture to say, you agree with me, too.
He took her at once for his love and his bride,
And her father consenting, they rode off side by side.

P. S.—

The fairies?—they one and all understood
The maiden's impulsive and passionate mood.
The jewels? To you this secret I'll tell,
Those very same stars that we all know so well,
No matter what the old scientists say,
Are the beautiful jewels the maid cast away.

—A. K. G., '04.

A PROMISING EPISODE.

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE DOLLY DIALOGUES."

IT WAS the last of May. The air was soft and balmy and all the world bright and gay. It may have been the effect of an unusually good dinner, or of nature itself, but it seemed to me as I walked back from the club that life was a pleasant thing indeed. And the thought of pleasant things brought Lady Mickleham to my mind immediately, and I suddenly discovered that the one thing necessary to make the day ideal was the presence of Dolly. My time was my own for a few hours, so why shouldn't I add to the day that one thing it needed and pay Lady Mickleham a call?

But I have often found that thinking of angels has the same effect as speaking of them—they invariably appear—and for once Lady Mickleham did not make an exception to the rule, for, walking through the park, I caught a glimpse of a lavender dress with a bewitchingly piquant head rising above a billowy white creation, and I knew that Lady Mickleham was enjoying her afternoon drive. As I saluted her, she stopped the victoria and insisted on my going home with her for a cup of tea. So with some reluctance, and some murmuring about "a drive," and "Mrs. Musgrave," I yielded. For I find that a woman generally appreciates your company most when she thinks some other woman desires it; so I got into the victoria. Whenever I settle back among the soft cushions of Lady Mickleham's victoria, I can not blame Dolly Foster for being Lady Mickleham instead of Mrs. Carter.

"Well," said Dolly, with that insolent smile of hers, while she lazily surveyed my face and perceived something of what I felt. "Don't you think it pays?"

"Undoubtedly," remarked I. Dolly hadn't said whether the payment was agreeable or just. "But which one?"

"Mr. Carter," rebuked Lady Mickleham, "if you are going to be impudent, I shall drop you at the next corner." This with a severe straightening of the lips that brought to my mind the thought of a bow when the arrow is spent. Even as I was thinking of this, the lips curved up and that adorable dimple in the cheek appeared, as I heard a low laugh.

"Well," reminded I, lazily.

"Impudence," mused Dolly, "brings back an incident that occurred last night at Mrs. Hilary Musgrave's. Archie took Mrs. Robinson-Smith in to dinner and I went with Mr. Robinson-Smith. Something about his face troubled me. When, every now and then, he cast an adoring glance at his wife, his expression made me think of some one—I could not remember whom. Before many courses we began to talk about 'ideals,' and 'dreams of youth,' and he remarked how proud boys were of their love affairs. Then he said that he had never had but one love affair that had seemed promising, and that was five years ago, for he had known Maizie four—another devoted look. I agreed that I had had one too." Dolly was looking pensively out of the other side of the victoria. It is useless to say where I was looking. Then she resumed, "So he suggested that we exchange confidences. Well, it was five years ago—the first winter I was out—and it happened at a german. He was just from school spending the Christmas holidays at a friend's. She was fresh, sweet, innocent, 'a darned pretty chit of a thing,' a Miss Foster. He met her in a chance figure and rushed her the rest of the evening; promised to call the next day and to write every day after he left, told her how much he cared for her, etc. He said that she had believed him and that he, too, had believed all he had said, until he met Maizie that summer. He wondered what had become of her, poor child!"

During this recital I was thinking to myself that Dolly must have felt to Mr. Robinson-Smith as I ought to have felt to Lady Mickleham; but then, Lady Mickleham was adorably pretty, and so I said "ought to have" instead of "must have."

"The impudence of thinking that the innocent Miss Foster cared!" laughed Dolly and the dimple. And it occurred to me that the laugh was caused by the "darned pretty chit of a thing." Now I know that there are some girls who would not care to be labelled thus, but they are not Dolly, and I am sure that it was this master stroke that cleared Mr. Robinson-Smith from Lady Mickleham's black book.

The victoria stopped at Lady Mickleham's residence. "But," protested I, "you haven't told me your promising episode."

"Come in and have a cup of tea and I will," twinkled Dolly. Now I had promised to drive with Mrs. Musgrave that afternoon, and Lady Mickleham knew it; but as I looked at Dolly and the dimple, I got out slowly and walked up the path with Dolly Foster; although I knew I should be scratched off Mrs. Musgrave's visiting list until I had paid due penance.

In the house Dolly made tea. She has a way of so absorbing herself in this skillful operation that I can lie back on the divan and, as a connoisseur,

admire her fine points. Secretly she knows this, and privately I think she prolongs the process unnecessarily. However, I like a womanly woman; let her be vain; and vain enough to hide her vanity.

Having put exactly the right amount of sugar and cream into my cup of tea, Dolly brought me the cup and sat down beside me on the divan. For a moment she looked severe, and said, "so I suppose you agree with him that it was promising. Suppose Miss Foster had cared, how do you think she would have felt?"

"I know perfectly," said I, and Dolly turned her head away quickly.

"Poor Nellie," mused I. (Miss Phaeton's name is Nellie—also Mrs. Musgrave's). Dolly looked at me suddenly. I was looking out the window.

"Nellie? Oh!" ejaculated Dolly.

Score one for me; but I do so love to see Dolly blush that from the height of my victory I was kind to the defeated. "After all you are quits. He had his Maizie and you your Monte Carlo—both three years ago." Deep silence. "Dolly," said I, sitting up straight, "will you tell me if you told him that as your promising episode?"

The curtains parted, and Lord Mickleham walked in. I am sure the delighted way in which Dolly greeted him was more for the interruption than for Archie. No matter; some time in the dim hereafter I expect to meet Dolly face to face without any interruptions from Lord Mickleham, and—but I am afraid it will be only in the dim hereafter! M. A. S., '03.

THE GREAT JOY UNTO ALL PEOPLE

I

THE DAYS had come when Cæsar decreed that all the world should be taxed. To the little town of Bethlehem, which was also known as the city of David, came every man who was of the house and lineage of David. The dwellings of Bethlehem were filled to running over and the inn also, and every man was kin to his neighbor. The village inn stood hardby the wall and there dwelt Ir, the keeper. From each guest he took a copper penny but to the last he said,

"Thou shalt take of the room that is left, but there is room for no more."

Ruth followed her father in and looked about her and saw many pilgrims with their beasts of burden laden with pots for cooking and beds for spreading. She *looked* for she could not *hear* the jingling of the bells, or the cracking of whips, or the munching of beasts outside; for her ears were closed—perhaps, forever.

As she looked there came a stranger to the door, a man heavily bearded, and by his hand he led a mule upon which sat the drooping figure of a woman. The man talked long and earnestly to the innkeeper and seemed to be pleading for something—she could not tell what. Then the man led the mule to the stable and lifted down his drooping wife.

That night when Ruth lay down, she saw through the slit in the wall, a star. It was very bright, brighter than it had ever been before, and she had watched it for several nights.

In the morning she awoke and the sun was shining through the slit. And when she had dressed, her mother led her by the hand to the stable. On the straw lay the woman and near by in a manger was a beautiful babe—more beautiful than the sun. And around the manger stood several roughly clad shepherds kneeling in adoration. She looked at her mother, then leaned over and kissed the babe, and as her lips touched it, her ears were opened—and she heard.

L. T., '05.

II.

Seven shepherds were gathered around a large bonfire. Across the valley on the side of the opposite hill they could see another bonfire—smaller, though, and seemingly less cheerful. Every now and then one of the company would

turn to look at this; they were used to its being there, but to-night it burned lower, as if the tender had forgotten it.

"It's a pity," one shepherd said.

"Yes," answered another, "but we must not forget what Matthias did."

"The son did not do it, though, Asa," said the slender young boy.

"No, but the son of Matthias cannot belong to us. Do you not remember, Surasky, when he ran that night, and how his whole family had to move away?"

"But look! the fire is almost out," the boy exclaimed.

Slowly and impressively the oldest shepherd arose; and a hush fell on the others.

"You all know that I have always stood by our laws, but I cannot help loving that boy, although he is the son of Matthias; and, I am going to see what is the matter."

Still and silent they gazed at the sturdy, strong figure of their leader while he spoke, and they remained thus until the boy of their company again exclaimed:

"O, father, look! the fire is out! I will go, too."

"And I"—"and I"—"and I"—said the others.

"And I, too," said Asa, slowly.

One shepherd, a mere boy, knelt before a small bonfire. Across the valley on the side of the opposite hill, he, too, could see another bonfire—larger, though, and more cheerful. Every now and then he looked at it and the look was always very wistful. He was used to its being there, but to-night it burned brighter, as if the tenders were feeding it more abundantly than usual.

"I do not mind it," he thought, "but mother at home is so lonely. Even Asa's wife, who always used to sit in the market with her, will not speak to her. And children point at her and—"

He stops, the fire burns very low, his head feels so queer, and is it true, or does he dream that the shepherds ———?

A burst of light, a multitude of voices singing

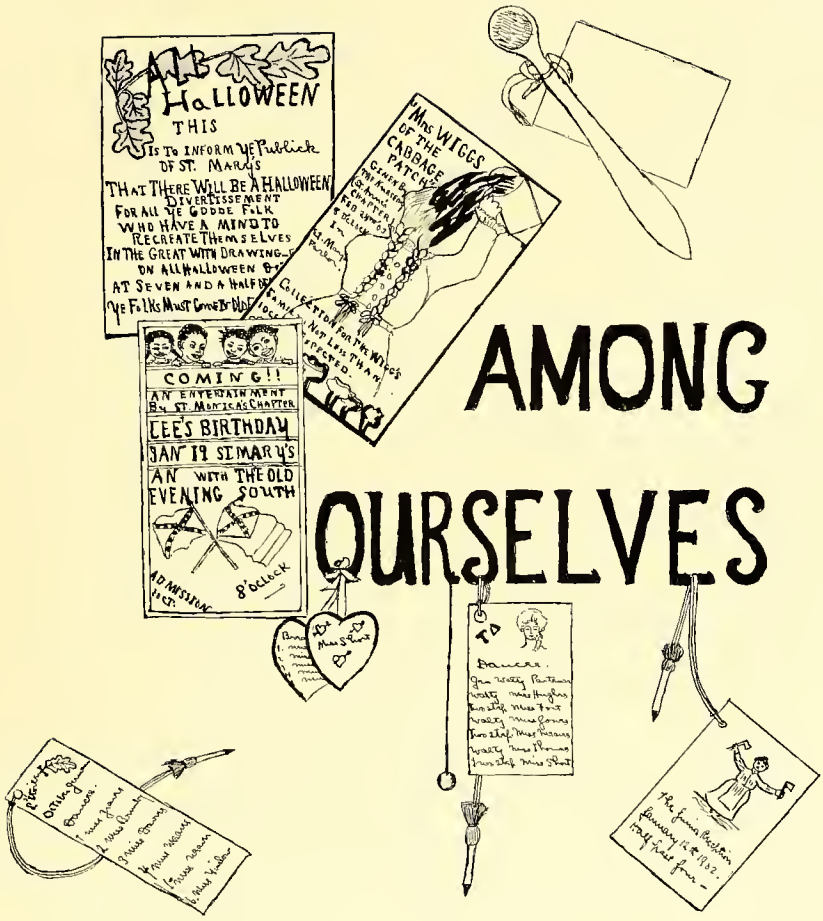
"Peace on earth, good will towards men!"

In wondrous harmony, in marvellous sweetness, in stupendous volume, it comes again, and again, and again.

"Peace on earth, good will towards men!"

Lower and lower, sinks the body of the lone shepherd boy in self-abasement; higher and higher, reaches his soul in adoration, until, at last, his body can sink no lower, his soul can reach no higher. To him came first the peace the angels sang.

S. J., '05.


ALL HALLOWEEN
THIS
IS TO INFORM YE PUBLICK
OF ST. MARY'S
THAT THERE WILL BE A HALLOWEEN
DIVERTISSEMENT
FOR ALL YE GODDE FOLK
WHO HAVE A MIND TO
RECREATE THEMSELVES
IN THE GREAT WITH DRAWING
ON ALL HALLOWEEN
AT SEVEN AND A HALF
YE FOLKS MUST COME BY
MRS WIGGS
OF THE
CABBAGE
PATCH
COMING!!
AN ENTERTAINMENT
BY ST. MONICA'S CHAPTER
LEE'S BIRTHDAY
JAN 19 ST MARY'S
AN WITH THE OLD
EVENING SOUTH
8 O'CLOCK
10 CTS.
TO
Dancer.
AMONG
OURSELVES

The Seven Days at St Mary's

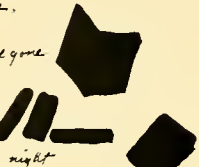
Sunday is the day most liked
For the tired student who likes to rest,
But next we come to the new and young
Where the homesick after noon hymns
are sung.

But ev'n though home is not near,
All manage after dinner their sad hearts cheer
Then comes the visiting hour at dark,
And each crowd sets out for a "lark."

Monday morning dressed up so
stiff and starch,
Down town in battalions the St Marys
girls march,
All around and up and down
They swiftly cover the streets of the town.

And fill each drug-store like a merry bee hive,
Till the tell-tale town clock points to half-
past five.
And then each tired and "dead-broke" sinner
Hurries home too late for dinner

The rest of the days are much the same
Lessons so dreary and duties so tame.
Up for roll-call at break of dawn,
And in bed at night to slumber and gone



But Tuesday and Thursday, days of delight
Are crowned by the best life evening dessert.

Wednesday too, is dear to the heart
For then comes Dugbies candy-
stuffed cart.

Saturday's the busiest day ever seen;
We scrub every part of our room so clean
One hour we take for the toilet so vital
For at night there comes the public recital.

Then we smiles and glances each tries to conceal
Till it's all broken up by the old school bell.
And now for a half year that a Mary's week
Through the whole world we twirl and twirl and sick.

ONE ASPECT OF THE FIRE

THE HALL was wrapt in slumber. Long ago the bell had rung. All was silent save the noise which came from the girl who "didn't snore." But through the stillness came the distressed cry of "Fire! Fire!"

"Oh! girls, run, Rex," called Mildred, who, clad in silk raglan and snowy furs, rushed from her room. The next instant Minnie's sleepy voice called out, "Kitty, is it time to take a bath?"

Kitty, clad in red, appeared at the door and saw Elizabeth Temple's roommate struggling to get that young lady's hat safely out. Miss Thomas rushed out with her bottle of red ink to quench the flames, as she often does our lurid love stories.

The hall was filled with girls in gay and grotesque costumes. "Where's Marie?" cried Sturgeon, rushing back to find Marie, Gussie, Leize and Ann on their knees searching for Marie's red bandana.

"But where's the fire?" called some one, and Mildred, in a sheepish voice answered, "Well, girls, I must have had a night mare."

RECITAL

BY THE OLD MAIDS AND BACHELORS

1. Solo, ... My love is young and fair,
My love hath dark brown hair.
Miss Haughton.

2. Solo, . . Can you make a cherry pie, Willie boy, Willie boy?
Miss Bridgers.

3. Recitation, ... Two Maiden Aunts.
Misses Brumby and Smith.

4. Solo, . . Oh! that I may be loved by someone whom I love.
Miss Hunter.

5. Solo, ... Moonlight Sonata.
Miss Coleman.

6. Solo, . . . Oh, where, oh, where, has my little dog gone?
Miss Burgwyn.

7. Solo, ... Absence makes the heart grow fonder.
Miss Glazebrook.

THE EAST ROCK

This truth by sages is confest
That still the happy nation 's blest
Which hath no history much to tell,
Since runs its course so smooth and well;
So runs it with the old East Rock,
Where dwells a calm and studious flock,
Who lawless ne'er their guardian "shock,"
Nor ever dread that guardian's knock!
They peaceful keep from day to day
The "even tenor of their way,"
And noiselessly their days all glide,
While they in faithful work abide;
And if without is Winter's gloom,
Within there is a cozy room,
Where steaming TEA a fragrance lends,
And Welcome kind its warmth extends,
"Chamber of Peace and Counsel" sweet,
Where friend and teacher oft they meet;
There cups they quaff of grateful glow,
Their wants and needs they freely show,
While ready sympathy they find,
Their hearts in Christian love to bind!
So in the old East Rock to-day
For curious ears we've naught to say,
But when these peaceful days have gone
How sweet their memory will live on!

LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE

Mr. B.—"Miss H., what is the Senior Class motto?"
Miss H. (with pride) - "Loke uppe on hye."
Mr. B.—"Good gracious! Nothing but a rubber-neck!"

Miss T.—"Miss Z., what mark of punctuation is most frequently used?"
Miss Z.—"Interrogation point, by women, Miss Thomas."

Why is J. H. so fond of the Pass of Thermopylæ?

A. W. (at the fire)—"Jennie, where on earth are you going with that bucket?"
J. M., (in great haste and excitement)—"To the fire, of course; where did you expect? Don't stop me!"
A. W.—"What good will the bucket do?"
J. M.—"My father!! I thought it was full!"

Miss T.—"I want you girls on my floor to stop using slang. You must *cut it out.*"

I. R. and F. G. (with books containing paragraph selections from various authors)—"Miss Thomas, who was 'Ibid?' We have looked in several encyclopedias and can find nothing about him."

OURSELVES SEEN AS OTHERS SEE US

Behind the vail, behind the vail.

MILDRED TILTON.

Necessary evils.

CONNIE ARTHUR, ELOISE ZIMMERMAN, IDA EVANS,
MINNIE BEEBE, KATE GLAZEBROOK, FANNIE WILLIAMS,
ISABEL RUFF, AMORET WOOTTEN, LOUISE EVANS.

"Flames in the forehead of the morning sky."

MARY PAYNE, ELMER GEORGE, MILDRED TILTON,
DORA McRAE, VIRGILIA GLAZEBROOK, KATHARINE MEARES.

"The hand of little employment hath the daintiest sense."

JULIA HAUGHTON.

"The choice and master spirit of its age."

THE JUNIOR CLASS.

"Thinking is but an idle waste of thought."

ANN GIFFORD.

"Thou sayest an undisputed fact
In such a solemn way."

ROSALIE BERNHARDT.

"Sang in tones of deep emotion
Songs of love and songs of longing."

FANNIE WILLIAMS.

"In the hope to meet
Shortly again and make our absence sweet."

SENIOR CLASS.

"Nursing her wrath to keep it warm."

VIRGILIA GLAZEBROOK.

"What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine."

THE ROOM OF THE BIG FIVE.

"Who goeth a borrowing
Goeth a sorrowing."

MARY GRAMLING.

"Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk."

IDA EVANS.

"'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call.
But the joint force and full result of all."

OCTAVIA HUGHES.

Remove not the ancient landmark!

KATHARINE MEARES.

Some of us live on the reputation of the reputation we might have made.

ANNIE ROOT.

Much may be said on both sides.

THE DEBATE.

Sighed and looked and sighed again.

MARY DIXON.

With meek and unaffected grace.

SADIE JENKINS.

Girls.—"Of what use will it be, sir?"
Dr. B.—"Never mind the use; do it."

And spread the truth (?) from pole to pole.

HÉLOISE BEEBE.

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear.

MARY GRAVES AND MARY GRAMLING.

Ful wel she sang the service divine;
Entuned in her nose ful semely;
And French she spake ful fayre and fetisly
After the schole at Strattford-atte-Bowe,
For French of Paris was to her unknowe.

LUCY REDWOOD.

In notes by distance made more sweet.

EVELYN WEEKS.

My Father!!!

JENNIE MURCHISON.

Nowher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he seemed besier than he was.

ESTHER MEANS.

Grieving's a folly.
Come, let us be jolly.

ELOISE ZIMMERMAN.

A kind of excellent, dumb discourse.

M. HOLMAN.

Learning by study must be won.
'Twas never entailed from son to son.

A. CHESHIRE.

Laugh at your friends, and, if your friends are sore,
So much the better. You may laugh the more.

EDITORS OF "THE MUSE."

Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

"THE MUSE."

BOARD OF EDITORS

Katharine de Rosset Meares,	*Editor-in-Chief.*
Mary Wood Winslow,	*Business Manager.*
Annie Gales Root,	*Literary Editor.*
Mary Ferrand Henderson,	*Assistant Literary Editor.*
Mary Allan Short,	*Editor-on-Illustrations.*
Annie Webb Cheshire,	*Editor-on-Advertisements.*

All over now, except what we must—

DOBBIN & FERRALL

123 and 125 Fayetteville Street
RALEIGH,
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CAROLINA

Sellers of the Best

Dry Goods—of All Kinds

OUR SPECIAL FREE DELIVERY MAIL ORDER SYSTEM IS AT YOUR SERVICE

We prepay express or freight charges anywhere in North Carolina on all cash mail orders of $5.00 or more. We will gladly mail samples of Dress Goods, Silks, White Goods—or anything that may be sampled

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A Graceful Carriage

DISTINGUISHES EVERY
LADY WHO WEARS

Hunter Bros. & Brewer's Shoes

(SUCCESSORS TO DANIEL ALLEN & CO.)

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Because they fit, are well-made, nicely finished inside and are so gracefully and elegantly shaped, it excites a sense of pride in their wearer .....

Sherwood Higgs & Co. Sherwood Higgs & Co.

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DOUBLE MILLINERY PARLORS—UP STAIRS

Dress Goods, Silks, Velvets, Parasols, Gloves, Fans, Laces and Embroideries. Ladies' Ready-made Wear. Muslin Underwear and Corsets. Sterling Silver Novelties and Leather Goods. Trunks, Suit Cases and Ladies' Fine Footwear. Agents for Standard Patterns :: ::

Trustworthy goods only at uniformly right prices. All articles guaranteed as represented. Money refunded to dissatisfied buyers. Experienced salespeople in each and every department. You will find the store as good as advertised :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: ::

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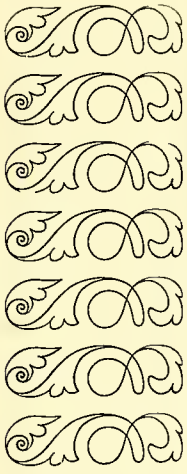
Full course in Literature, Languages, Science, Art, Music and Business. Excellent Kindergarten under Miss Louise T. Busbee's charge. Centrally located. Complete modern sanitary conveniences. For Catalogue and particulars address.....

LENT TERM BEGINS JANUARY 27.....

REV. T. D. BRATTON, B.D.

Do You Read?

Do You Write?



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we have everything
you want in
books and
periodicals and
you get
your orders
filled by return
mail and at
satisfactory prices.
If you write,
we have everything
from a
steel pen and
5c. pad to
Hurd's fine papers
and gold pens.

Alfred Williams & Co.,

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Hardwood Mantels, Tiles and Grates

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Zachary Mantel Co.

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Thos. H. Briggs & Sons

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HARDWARE OF ANY DESCRIPTION

Cutlery,
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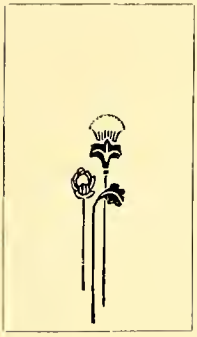
Every druggist says that his drugs are pure. Every druggist says that he does not substitute. Every druggist says that he does not use inferior or adulterated drugs. Every druggist says that he does accurate work. What is there left for us to say different from anybody else? Well, we invite you to bring your prescription here and see the kind of treatment you get in our store, and notice the way everything is done, and then see if you do not feel that the medicine is put up just as your doctor would like to have it.

We are open day and night

Hobbitt-Wynne Drug Company

You Know

YOU ARE HAVING THE BEST
WHEN YOU
HAVE



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RALEIGH'S HIGH-CLASS PHOTOGRAPHER DO YOUR WORK

J. J. THOMAS, PRESIDENT
B. S. JERMAN, CASHIER

A. A. THOMPSON, VICE-PRESIDENT
H. W. JACKSON, ASST. CASHIER

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

THE COMMERCIAL AND FARMERS BANK

OF RALEIGH, N. C.

AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS, FEBRUARY 6, 1903

RESOURCES		
Loans and Discounts,		$415,280.54
Overdrafts,		3,632.66
N. C. 4 per cent. and other Bonds,		43,037.50
Banking-house and Fixtures,		18,702.48
Other Real Estate owned,		13,658.31
CASH		
Due from Banks,	$141,494.11	
Cash Items and Checks,	6,976.49	
Gold and Silver Coin,	20,268.40	
Currency,	27,032.00	
	$195,771.00	
Total Resources,		$690,082.49

LIABILITIES		
Capital Stock Paid in Cash,		$100,000.00
Surplus and Net Profits,		53,301.02
DEPOSITS		
Due Banks,	$12,492.58	
Due Depositors,	522,756.60	
Cashier's Checks,	1,532.29	
	$536,781.47	
Total Liabilities,		$690,082.49

I, B. S. Jerman, Cashier of the above-named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

B. S. JERMAN, CASHIER.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA—COUNTY OF WAKE
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of February, 1903. E. B. CROW, NOTARY PUBLIC.

CORRECT—ATTEST: J. J. THOMAS, R. B. RANEY, CAREY J. HUNTER, JAS. E. SHEPHERD, ASHLEY HORNE, THOS. H. BRIGGS, JOSHUA B. HILL, ASHBY L. BAKER,
DIRECTORS.

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No Interest Paid on Deposits

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Dress Goods, Millinery, Tailored Costumes
Wraps, Fancy Goods, Trimmings, Gloves, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs,
Underwear, Notions and Fancy Goods.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED INTELLIGENTLY AND PROMPTLY

Robbins Livery Stable

Low Prices
Fine Turnouts

Promptness
and Courtesy Paid
to all Orders

DRIVE IN A

Rubber-Tired Carriage

FROM THE RIGHT
PLACE

Carriages of
Every Kind
at Every Hour
for Everything

Phone 79

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COTTON EXCHANGE

BARBEE & COMPANY

Commission Merchants

**Cotton, Stocks, Grain,
Provisions**

PRIVATE WIRE TO NEW YORK
AND CHICAGO

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RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

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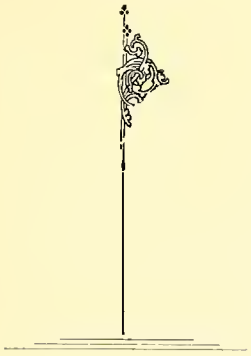

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and
Binder

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R. H. BATTLE, Pres. ALEXANDER WEBB, Vice-Pres. CHARLES ROOT, Sec. and Treas.

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Home Insurance Company

OF RALEIGH, N. C.

1868——ESTABLISHED——1868

Gives Protection Against Loss by Fire and Lightning

Over $1,000,000 Losses Paid in North Carolina

Insure your property against fire and lightning in this Company. It is a home institution seeking home patronage. It has been successful in business for more than thirty-four years. It is safe, solid, reliable and worthy of confidence. In patronizing it you help to build up North Carolina

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OF RALEIGH

Capital $225,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits
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Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware. Spectacles and Eyeglasses. Repairing Fine Watches, Jewelry and Silverware a Specialty.

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Cures Colds, LaGrippe and all Headaches.

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Nothing but the best goods sold at prices that have no equal.

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For the Choicest and Best, at the

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Coal, Ice, Wood, Lumber, Laths

SAWED AND SHAVED PINE AND CYPRESS SHINGLES

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Watches
and Jewelry

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PURPOSE IN
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We Make it Fresh and Nice

A. D. ROYSTER & BRO.

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Wholesale
Grocer

Hargett Street, RALEIGH, N. C.

Woollcott's Grocery

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The Citizens National Bank

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

Capital, = = = =	$100,000.00
Surplus and Profits, = =	75,000.00
Deposits, = = = =	750,000.00

The Same Careful Attention Given to Small Accounts as to Larger Ones.
Correspondence and Personal Calls Invited.

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Stylish Turnouts, Nice Driving,
Saddle Horses for Ladies
and Gentlemen

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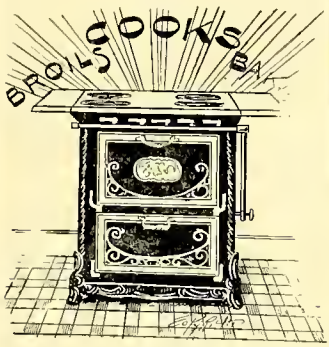
Invites you to call at their office and inspect their line of Gas Stoves. Get your Gas Stove now and be happy



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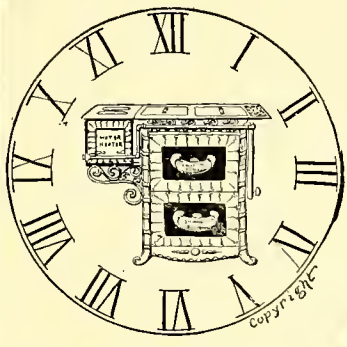
Saves time, labor, worry and money.



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LIGHT !

The
Welsbach Light
is the
nearest
approach
to
natural light
yet
discovered.
Therefore
it is best for you
to use.

LIGHT !

Best of light is
gas light.
It is the lightest
light.
Lightest on your
nerves, lightest on
your eyesight,
lightest on your
pocket-book,
lightest in the
sense of giving the
most light.

IF YOU WOULD SAVE YOUR EYES
AND HELP YOUR BANK ACCOUNT, USE THE **Welsbach Light**

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LEO D. HEARTT, Vice-Pres. and Gen. Manager
ROBT. C. STRONG, Trust Officer and Gen. Counsel
WILLIAM HAYES, ... Cashier

CAPITAL STOCK, $100,000.00

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J. D. RIGGAN
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ALEXANDER WEBB
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JNO. T. PULLEN, PRESIDENT — J. O LITCHFORD, CASHIER

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

RALEIGH SAVINGS BANK

Made to the Corporation Commission at the Close of Business, February 6, 1903

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts, . .	$397,471.68	Capital Stock, ...	$15,000 00
Overdrafts, ...	2.56	Surplus Fund, ...	15,000 00
Bonds at par, ...	61,350.00	Undivided Profits . . .	3,188.44
Cash and Due from Banks, .	85,453.95	Reserved Interest for Depositors, ...	5,600.00
Banking House, . . .	12,800.00	Deposits, ...	530,077.25
Other Real Estate, . .	3,800.00		
Stocks at par	7,987.50		
	$568,865.69		$568,865.69

FOUR PER CENT INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS

T. W. Blake

Jeweler

FINE WATCH AND SILVER REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

East Side Fayetteville Street — Raleigh, N. C.

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Fruit and Confectionery

OYSTER AND ICE CREAM PARLOR

Caterer for Weddings, Parties, Etc.
Furnish China, Silverware, Linen, Etc.

All Phones 123 — RALEIGH, N C.

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Everything used in the making is First Quality, Pure, and we serve it right.

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Corner Fayetteville and Hargett Streets — Raleigh, N. C.

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M. Rosenthal & Co.

Family Groceries

Foreign and Domestic Wines, Liquors and Cordials for Family Use, Imported and Domestic Cigars.

We Solicit your patronage and perfect satisfaction is guaranteed

Corner Fayetteville and Hargett Streets — Raleigh, N. C.

G. W. Marsh & Son

DEALERS IN

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Eggs
etc.

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W. C. Stronach's Sons Company.....

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215 Fayetteville St. — RALEIGH, N. C.

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122 Fayetteville Street
RALEIGH, N. C.

FINE SANITARY PLUMBING
IN ALL BRANCHES
PROMPTLY
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Estimates furnished on steam and hot water heating anywhere in the State. A full stock of up-to-date fixtures and supplies constantly on hand :: :: :: :: :: :: ::

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Are among the leading Printers of the City. Prompt, Reliable and Responsible. The cheapest when quality and workmanship are considered.

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TELEPHONE 140

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ALL THE NICE CAKES, CRACKERS, PICKLES, Etc.

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Neat, Tasty Printing attracts the attention of Business Men. Place your Order with us for this Class of Work.

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Supplies
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School
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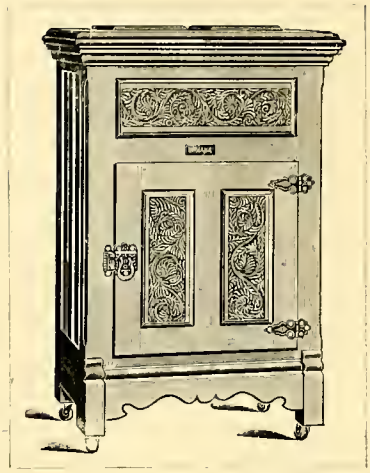
We Sell Everything in Hardware



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PRICES AND CUTS ON APPLICATION

Artistic furniture is like paintings by old masters, or like rare lace. It never loses its value and it never goes out of fashion. The æsthetically beautiful, the really artistic productions of the cabinet maker are a continuous and lasting delight to its possessors. Why invest in things which are commonplace and which soon become a constant source of displeasure, when for the same outlay you can obtain really artistic furniture? We will tell you how to go about it. Visit our warerooms and you will be delighted with our productions and astonished at the low prices we ask for them

Royall & Borden Furniture Co.

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Have You Anything You
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Patent Kid
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"THE SHINY KIND." ONLY
$2 00 A PAIR

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A. B. Stronach Co.

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RALEIGH, N. C.

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TERMS CASH Prescriptions a Specialty

CHARLES M. BRETSCH

French Baker and Ice Cream Manufacturer

Fine candies, cakes, cookies, crullers and rolls. Best ice cream and neatest ladies' parlor in the city.

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A reputation based on half a century's experience, dealing directly with the women of the family all over the world, is unique, and stimulates a worthy pride. The Singer Manufacturing Company aims to maintain its well-earned reputation for fair dealing during all time. It is permanent, its stores are in every city of the world, and parts and supplies for its machines can always be easily obtained. Sold on installments. Old machines taken in exchange :: :: ::

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"Sewing Machine Makers for the World" RALEIGH, N. C.

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120 Fayetteville Street, Raleigh, N. C.

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Seems to strike you, when you drink one of our large glasses of soda. There's a generous comfort in the glasses we serve. We use pure water, pure fruit syrups for the flavors, and our soda is as healthful as it is refreshing. You never drank soda anywhere else so good in every way. Try our chocolate ice cream soda :: :: :: :: :: :: ::

CROWELL'S DRUG STORE

120 Fayetteville St. RALEIGH, N. C.

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COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND MECHANIC ARTS

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All
Latest
Styles
in
Oxfords
Just
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Call
and
Give
Us
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Trial.

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Mail and telegraph orders promptly filled.
Carnations a specialty.

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PLANTS OF ALL KINDS

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THE WONDERFUL
HEADACHE CURE

25 and 50 Cents at all Druggists

Manufactured by
JAMES I. JOHNSON

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

New Shoes

Our Shoes possess a fit and finish that are sought after. We carry them in all the latest nobby shapes and the largest lines in the city to select from, and will be glad to have you call.

POOL & ALLEN

Not to be taken from this room